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The Open Forum

Preachers' Pay

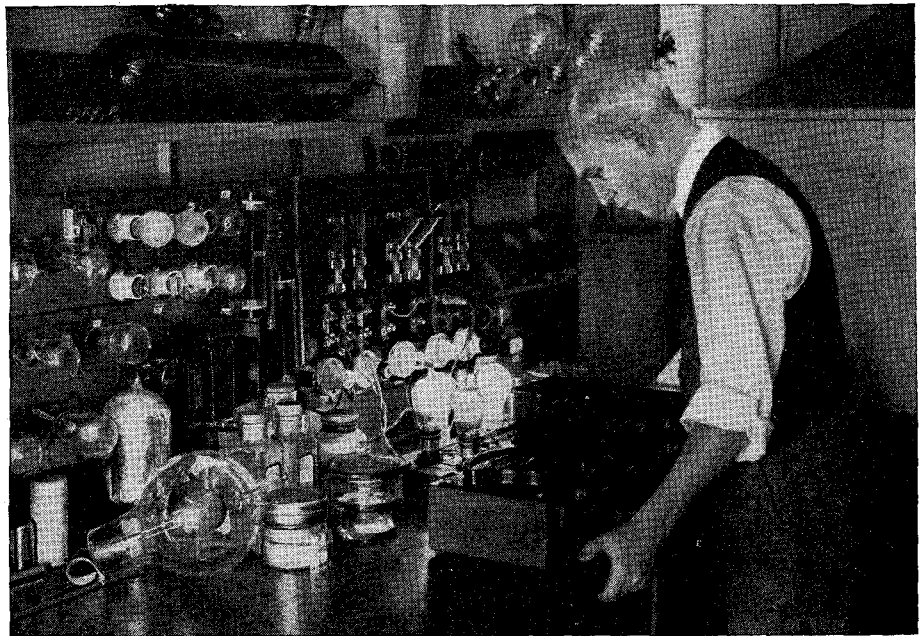
Sir:—Your remarks, under the heading: "Stipends for Saving Souls," April 4 issue, give the impression that Rheba Crawford Splivalo's monthly salary of \$600 isolates her in a sort of solitary grandeur among preachers. They show as poor appreciation of her unusual talents as they suggest a rather strange ignorance of the high salaries paid by wealthy churches in various Protestant denominations.

Whether or not some preachers are overpaid is not the question here but I do emphatically question your statement that "other preachers of the Gospel in Los Angeles don't get as much as Rheba." Quite true indeed of the average preacher there or elsewhere but by way of comparison with our high-salaried preachers Mrs. Splivalo's "stipend for saving souls" doesn't even exalt her into association with ecclesiastical stars of the first magnitude.

In one State and in one Protestant denomination the three leading churches of the State's three largest cities have paid their pastors for many years stipends varying from \$7,500 to \$16,000, while in other States occupied by that particular denomination many churches pay salaries of \$7,500 and up.

Nor has church membership much, if anything, to do with the fixing of pastoral salaries. Often a church with only hundreds of members pays a preacher twice as much as some other church with one or even two thousand adherents pays its leader.

Angelus Temple happens to be by far the
(Continued on page 46)



"FRESH STARTING POINTS"

IN SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH, there is no end to any road. Every discovery, every bit of new knowledge—even every failure—may suggest new fields for study.

The MAZDA lamp was an achievement. If tonight's illumination had to be produced with the carbon-filament lamps of 1904, our nightly lighting bill would jump \$5,000,000. But the G-E scientists who perfected it, in the Research Laboratory, in Schenectady, N. Y., were not satisfied. They were already following the trails opened by lamp research.

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Dr. Willis R. Whitney, Vice President in Charge of G-E Research, sees in the future the promise of yet greater things. "Discoveries and inventions are not terminals," he says, "they are fresh starting points from which we can climb to new knowledge."

Fresh starting points, new trails, paths to greater usefulness—these are the goals of the G-E research that has saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar it has earned for General Electric.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

THE NATION'S *Calling* LIST



THE telephone directory is the nation's calling list. Millions of people refer to it daily—in homes and offices and in public pay stations. It is the busiest book—it plays a part in countless activities.

For the names in the telephone book are more than names. They are friendships and homes and families. They are bridge parties and golf games—business successes—buyers and sellers of wheat or pins or skyscrapers.

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The classified directory is an important feature of your telephone book. It is a handy, reliable buying guide—a quick, easy way to find "Where To Buy It."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, APRIL 25, 1936

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Day of Dancing for Young Democrats

Roosevelt Broadcasts Appeal to Youth as He Opens National Campaign

Jackson Day was a day of dining for Democrats. Jefferson Day was a day of dancing.

On January 8, Democrats flocked to a nation-wide series of Jackson Day dinners to hear President Roosevelt, broadcasting from the central \$100-per-person dinner in Washington, compare his problems with Old Hickory's and lambaste "the forces of privilege and greed." The diners dropped \$270,000 into the Democratic war-chest—that was the principal purpose of the dinners.

The principal purpose of the thousand or so Jefferson Day dances, held April 13, the 193d anniversary of Jefferson's birth, was the same. But for admission charges ranging from fifty cents to two dollars, the guests enjoyed side attractions, too.

Some of the ladies waltzed in Colonial costumes, an idea of Mrs. Roosevelt's. The ivory-and-baby-blue dance programs boasted pictures of Jefferson, President Roosevelt, and Chairman James A. Farley, as well as an article on Jefferson by Charles Michelson, Democratic press-agent. But the peak of the proceedings was the President's speech, broadcast from Baltimore to the ballrooms and to the country at large over three national radio hook-ups. It opened his campaign for reelection.

The Donkey Rides—The speech was directed, primarily, to youth, and the gusto of youth dominated the evening. There was cheering, there was dancing, there was a rousing torchlight parade from Camden Station in Baltimore to the huge Fifth Regiment Armory, a parade complete with floats, a donkey, brassy bands and—this drew protests against the political use of the Army—three spanking companies of infantry and motorized machine-guns.

The address was made under the auspices of the nation's Young Democratic Clubs, with the Maryland clubs playing host and pumping up enthusiasm. The national President of the Clubs, Frank Wickham, introduced the President, who rose to face a flag-draped hall and a curiously mixed audience of 15,000.

In it were followers of the late Albert C. Ritchie, former Democratic Governor of Maryland, New Deal foeman. In it, too, were followers of Senator Millard E. Tydings, another conservative Maryland Democrat, who, however, lately made his peace with the Administration.

In the main, oldsters in the audience restrained their applause. Youngsters yelled

their delight when the President appeared, and they led the handclapping thereafter.

To "millions of young people who have come to maturity since 1929," who bear "scars of disillusionment" from the country's recent plunge into a "sink of suffering," Mr. Roosevelt defended his basic principle—experiment, saying:

"There are counselors these days who say, 'Do nothing'; other counselors who say, 'Do everything.' . . . I say to you, 'Do something,' and when you have done that something, if it works, do it some more, and if it does not work, do something else."

There was no heckling of the President. But statements made later by Republican bigwigs showed what they would have said if they could have sat in the Armory and interrupted him as he went along.

Employment Suggestion—"Limit the active working ages at both ends," the President suggested. Keep youngsters in school until they are at least eighteen, and let most oldsters over sixty-five—"to take a figure at random"—retire.

"Good," answered former President Hoover. But even if this were done immediately, "it would not take up 15 per cent., probably not 10 per cent., of the present unemployment."

Invoke the spirit of the defunct NRA,

the President suggested again. In the saw-mill industry, under the NRA, the average working week was 36.4 hours long. Now it is 39.9 and, "if . . . there were 166,500 . . . in this industry, 10 per cent., or 16,650, have either lost their jobs, or, by working longer hours, are preventing 16,650 other people from getting employment." Hence, he urged, industry, without reducing the average pay, should cut down hours of work per week, NRA-style.

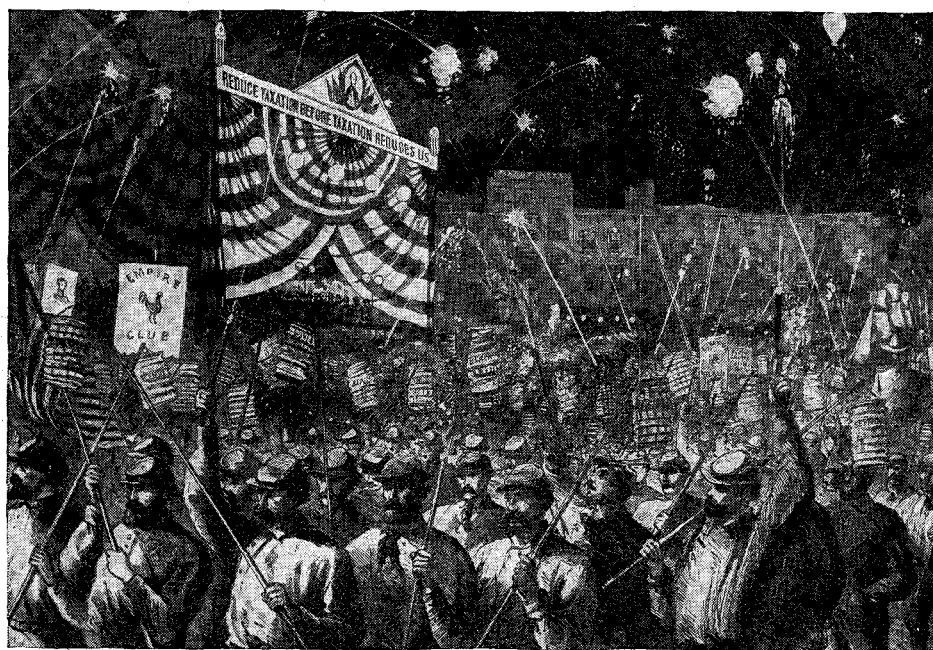
Court Invoked—"Impossible," replied Henry P. Fletcher, Republican Chairman. Shorter hours would "increase the costs of production . . . decrease consumption, result in further losses." And speaking of shorter hours and the NRA, what about the blasting Supreme Court decision on that subject?

"If you are young enough in spirit to dream dreams and see visions—dreams and visions about a greater and a finer America," said the President, "hold fast to your dream."

A speech "sadly lacking in substance," remarked Representative Chester C. Bolton, head of his Party's Congressional Campaign Committee.

Good or bad, there were few fireworks in it. Those, it was assumed, were saved to flash and boom on April 25, when the President will speak in New York.

The National Democratic Club, with a club-house in New York City and a membership of about 2,000 of the Party's more prominent men, will hold a delayed Jeffer-



Keystone

"Reduce taxation before taxation reduces us"—as popular a slogan in 1868, when Seymour was running against Grant, as it is in more recent Presidential campaigns

son Day celebration on that date, with the President as guest of honor.

Red-Letter Night—It will be a red-letter evening for the Club, the first time it has had a President at one of its annual Jefferson Day banquets in this generation.

The President, whisked across town by a police escort, will alight at the Hotel Commodore, enter its green-ceilinged oblong Grand Ballroom, mount a dais, bow to the applause of some 3,000 diners and soon, it is assumed, crack the campaign wide open.

He plans no aloof front-porch campaign, apparently; he plans to cover the country like a dust-storm.

June 5, reports say, will find him in Little Rock, Arkansas; June 6, in Dallas, Texas; June 7 or 8 in Vincennes, Indiana—"a campaign whirl around the circuit just as the Republicans are going into their Convention" at Cleveland June 9, notes George Van Slyke in the *New York Sun*.

Press Divided—With the Baltimore speech, the press unlimbered its guns.

"The President rang the bell," the *Washington News* rejoiced.

He "was at his best in this speech," the liberal *Philadelphia Record* chimed in.

"Phrased in his most persuasive style," agreed the *Springfield Republican*. The *New York Daily News*, plainly persuaded, indorsed the President's points wholesale, remarking: "The vast majority of young people should be in school until they are eighteen. . . . What every old person should have is the privilege of retiring and going down to Florida or some such place to pitch horseshoes. . . . We need shorter hours and we need . . . minimum wage scales. . . . We do not see how [the Republicans] can write a platform radically different from the President's speech and expect to make a reasonable showing in the election."

But *The Christian Science Monitor* asks whether youth will be satisfied "with descendants of the white rabbits that promised employment three years ago."

Pointed Questions—And many newspapers not only ask the President pointed questions, but pointedly answer them.

Thus the *Troy Times Record*: "The President makes promises which he never performs." And the *Boston Herald*: "If one group wants a 'breathing spell,' he shouts with it in September, 1935. If another wants a breathless spell, he is the man for them in April, 1936."

"He stumbled," the *Baltimore Sun* headed its editorial. *The Jersey Journal* interjected: "There is nothing in the Constitution of the United States which says thou shalt not labor after sixty-five."

In this angry orchestra the *Portland Oregonian* was a big bass drum, booming: "It was by and large the weakest, least-decisive address by Mr. Roosevelt since that day in 1932 when he boarded a plane for the Chicago Convention. . . . If Franklin Roosevelt enters the White House for another four years with nothing more definite in mind than was revealed in his Baltimore talk, it will be dangerous, to say the least, for America."

Milk-Shake for Knox, Borah, Landon

Illinois Primary Result Mixed; Nebraska Outcome Also Is Tangled



© Harris & Ewing

Win, lose, or draw, Senator Borah is a popular subject for news-photographers

In pivotal Illinois last week a "native son" and an "adopted son" clashed as Republican Presidential candidates. At stake were the fifty-seven delegate votes.

"Moral" victor was William E. Borah, bulldog-jowled Fairfield, Illinois, boy who made good as Senator from Idaho. Mathematical winner was Frank Knox, hard-hitting Publisher of the *Chicago Daily News*. The Senator, capturing the down-State ballots, rolled up 420,780. The publisher, sweeping Cook County, got 495,000.

Said Borah: "I carried Illinois; he carried Chicago." Said the *New York World-Telegram*: "Alf Landon (Kansas Governor), who neither asked nor got a vote, was the real winner."

Actually, the results were as mixed as a milk-shake. They left editors and political pot watchers bewildered or at odds.

Light in Fog—President Roosevelt, running unopposed in the Illinois Democratic primary, piled up 1,300,000 votes. That was considerably more than the combined totals of Knox and Borah.

A gratifying election portent to the President, but a few days later he suffered a political and personal loss—the death of Louis McHenry Howe, secretary, adviser and friend.

Some Republicans explain the Illinois Democratic vote thus: Governor Henry Horner and Mayor Edward J. Kelly of Chicago were at war for dominance of the Democratic State machine. The former won by being renominated over a Kelly candidate, but the nerve-tingling battle brought out an abnormal Democratic vote.

The President also was unopposed in the Nebraska Democratic primary, but he suffered a disappointment in the fate of Senator George W. Norris.

Last November, when the venerable Senator refused to run again, Mr. Roosevelt urged Nebraskans, regardless of Party,

to send him to the Senate willy-nilly. But the effort to drum up a heavy write-in vote for him last week came to little.

Now Democratic chieftains want him to run as an independent. They mourned when Nebraska's Democratic Senatorial nomination went to fiery Terry McGovern Carpenter. For Mr. Carpenter, one-time proprietor of a grocery and filling-station, a teetotaler who recently ran a beer-parlor, a poker player who munches peanut brittle while companions sip highballs, indorses the "principle" of the Townsend Plan.

Neighbor Landon—A write-in vote did, however, pop up in the Republican primary. Senator Borah, unopposed in Nebraska, got more than 60,000 votes, but more than 12,000 Republicans wrote the name of Neighbor Landon on their ballots.

"It takes deft fingers to untangle the skein," says the Norfolk, Nebraska, *Daily News*. The South Omaha *Sun*, the Nebraska *Daily News Press*, and other papers, however, see the Landon vote as "significant."

Illinois papers appear to be even more confused about their State's polling.

The Rock Island *Argus* calls the result "a bow to Borah." The Evanston *News-Index*, a stone's throw from the Colonel's own presses, remarks that "Frank Knox lost prestige."

A thousand miles away, the *New York Herald Tribune* discerns a "moral victory" for Borah. Mr. Knox's *Chicago Daily News* protests that it finds "no doubt as to the choice of the Party throughout the whole State." The *Chicago Times* thinks it was "a great day for Roosevelt."

Echoing that sentiment, the Columbus, Nebraska, *Daily Telegram* tartly comments: "In the language of Jack Garner, the Republicans will have the same chance to defeat Roosevelt that a sheep has to kill a butcher."

Steel and Stone *Versus* Straw in WPA

'Quoddy Tides Mock Heavy Hearts as Project Becomes an Orphan

In chilly Eastport, Maine, last week, 3,000 WPA workers listlessly lifted picks and hammers not half so heavy as their hearts. They knew that before long the last of the \$7,000,000 allotted for the \$36,000,000 Passamaquoddy tide-harnessing project would run out. They did not know what would then become of their jobs.

For in Washington President Roosevelt had just left the future of 'Quoddy, and of the Florida ship-canal, once his pets, up to Congress. Congress already had disowned the expensive ventures. 'Quoddy's 3,000 definitely are orphans.

Most of all, they hate leaving their shiny-new white Colonial homes. The War Department was at special pains in building those homes, which cost \$1,000,000, and in fitting them out. Its official specifications called for all-wool, pastel-green blankets; dull, old-fashioned maple furniture; harmonizing fireplaces; rust sateen "puffs" filled with duck-down; pewter candlesticks; love-seats; two grandfather clocks to each house, 7 feet by 2 feet by 18 inches, with dials of plain silver. Each house was a treasure.

Treasure Hulk—Meanwhile, in Blair, Nebraska, hidden treasure beckoned to other WPA workmen, busy diverting the channel of the Missouri River as a flood precaution. They had been told that somewhere in the river-bed slime they might find the hulk of a romantic old ship, the *Bertrand*, which went down in 1862 with her rich cargo of mercury and 5,000 gallons of whisky in husky oaken casks.

Here and there on the sites of some of the other 70,000 WPA projects, cameras ground, collecting relief activities in graphic form for the Government. At an air-port, under construction, for instance, they filmed "fog closing in on a plane, the danger encountered by the pilot, then a cutback to the work provided for transient labor in making an emergency landing-field—then, happy landing."

Administration leaders hoped that they, too, could tack "happy landing" to the composite relief picture which they were trying to draw in Washington.

But first they had to settle an old feud.

Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes, under whose aegis the Public Works Administration functions, believes that the Government should center its spending upon major public works, such as flood-control dams and slum clearance, without worrying about the labor needed directly.

Harry L. Hopkins, Works Progress Administrator, whose first concern is getting the needy off the relief-rolls and into jobs of some sort, is convinced that his goal can be reached only by providing small tasks in great numbers.

Steel vs. Straw—The conflict poses the relative merits of "steel and stone" against "straw" as cures for unemployment.

Last year Congress appropriated \$4,880,000,000 for relief—\$800,000,000 to taper off the dole under the FERA, \$900,000,000 to carry on PWA, and the rest for a new incarnation of quick work-relief—the WPA.

The leading rôle thus given to "boondoggling" revived the jealousy between Mr. Ickes and Mr. Hopkins over the attention given to their twin wards—a rift smoothed over only when President Roosevelt took both on a fishing trip together last fall.

Ruffled Camps—Hearings on the new relief bill last week ruffled the rival camps anew.

Something over \$1,000,000,000 remains unspent from last year's relief fund. The President counts on that carry-over, plus the \$1,500,000,000 of new money asked and \$600,000,000 of relief money in regular supply bills to provide a total of \$3,100,000,000 for the 1937 fiscal year, beginning next July. In the 1937 budget calculations, the Ickes Bureau was left without funds.

Not for long, however, if a determined Democratic bloc has its way. Led by Rep-

resentative Alfred F. Beiter of New York and Senator Carl Hayden of Arizona, this bloc wants to earmark half the new relief fund for PWA undertakings. Mr. Hopkins insists that he needs the entire amount, and probably more, to continue WPA.

On the Republican side, Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan, bringing his growing impatience with the New Deal to bear against the relief bill, would waste no time on the feud between Mr. Ickes and Mr. Hopkins. He would take the relief administration away from both, and out of Washington, "placing it back with the States, where it belongs." He insists that his plan would not mean a return to the dole system; but that it would mean a return to the principle of home rule for relief.

Mr. Vandenberg has charged repeatedly that the WPA is "shot through with politics, graft, and waste."

Press Criticism—From suspicious whispers to loud jeers, this criticism is echoed through the nation's press.

Out of fifty newspaper editorials, read without regard to political slant or geography, only the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* had an unqualifiedly kind word to say.

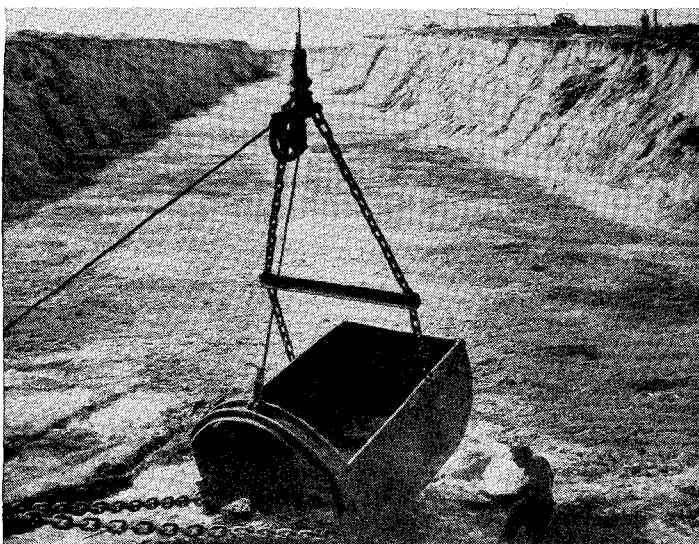
"With primaries popping and election around the corner it is difficult to look at relief objectively," it admitted.

"But politics or no politics, there are still several million needy Americans who must be fed and clothed and who have no resources of their own. This human need takes priority over budget-balancing or any other financial problem. . . .

"The Vandenberg plan would simply allot vast chunks of Federal money to the States. Politics being what it is, we would dread to see the day when, according to Vandenberg's wish, 'Congress, not the President and a few social workers, would distribute money.'"

In whatever hands, the relief problem will persist, as attested by the report of the National Industrial Conference Board, that, altho more than 5,000,000 unemployed were restored to jobs last year, 18,890,000 persons, or 14.8 per cent. of the total United States population, are still on relief.

Most of them without grandfather clocks.



Acme



Wide World

The ditches remain ditches: The Florida Ship-Canal (left) and preparations for the Passamaquoddy Project, whose completion will depend upon what Congress decides

Sea Rolls Labor Crisis to Golden Gate

San Francisco Uneasy as Show-Down Nears in Sea-Dock Disputes



© International

Waiting for the "show-down": Some of the 1,000 Marine Union pickets, massed in front of the San Francisco docks, awaiting the outcome of the labor dispute

San Franciscans gazed anxiously down from their hills last week, wondering if soon they would see again the picture which greeted them two summers ago—painted ships lying idly on a painted bay, liners and freighters held motionless by a longshoremen's strike.

A new water-front crisis brought the city uncomfortably close to a repetition of the scenes which culminated in the San Francisco general strike of July, 1934.

Arrival of the liner *Santa Rosa* from New York was the signal for an anticipated show-down in the strained relationship between the Pacific Coast branch of the International Longshoremen's Association and the Waterfront Employers' Association, dating back to the spring of 1934.

On May 9 of that year, the longshoremen struck in protest against employer control of hiring halls. After the teamsters' union joined the dock workers, refusing to haul "hot" cargo from the warehouses, the San Francisco Industrial Association, insisting on the open shop, hired substitute stevedores and started to move the freight which had been piling up. This precipitated the "bloody Thursday" pitched battle on July 5 between pickets and police.

Patrolling Guards—While National Guardsmen patrolled the tensely inactive Embarcadero, broad water-front thoroughfare, Joseph P. Ryan, burly I.L.A. president, negotiated an agreement with ship-owners which the rank and file, led by slight, peppery Harry Bridges, promptly vetoed.

The upshot was San Francisco's now famous three-day general strike, when part of the city trudged or roller-skated to work while street-cars stood still, shops closed, and only vital supplies moved through an ominously silent city.

Arbitration won better working conditions and joint control of hiring halls, but not lasting peace.

So closely allied are sailors and longshoremen that a disturbance in one group is communicated easily to the other. This year's rumblings started at sea.

A few weeks ago sailors on the liner *California* struck at San Pedro, but were persuaded in a long-distance telephone conversation with Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins to stay on their ship until it reached New York. When they got to New York the sailors were "logged" and "signed off" (fined and discharged).

Strike Spreads—The chastised crew set out to spread their strike to other ships. Seamen of the *Santa Rosa*, which docked not long afterward in New York, walked off. The International Seamen's Union recruited another crew.

Last week, when the *Santa Rosa* returned to San Francisco, the Maritime Federation of the Pacific refused to unload it. Among labor circles, the protest spread.

In retaliation, the Waterfront Employers' Association notified Harry Bridges that they were severing their relations with the San Francisco local of the I.L.A. because of his activity in the new threat to shipping.

Boycott—The employers took pains to direct their boycott "only against radical and subversive leadership of the San Francisco longshoremen's local, which for more than a year openly has flouted the arbitration award and its agreement with employers."

"Lockout," cried Bridges, the Australian-born "mystery man," who twice has gone through the motions of taking out first citizenship papers here.

He faced a show-down not only with the West Coast ship-owners, who hold him largely responsible for more than 400 interruptions to water-front work since the settlement of the general strike, but also with I.L.A. President Ryan.

The autographed portraits of Calvin

Coolidge, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Alfred E. Smith look down upon President Ryan in his Washington office. Ryan agrees with the other foes of Bridges that the shades of Marx carry more influence with the militant Pacific coast leader.

After conferring with Ryan last week, Secretary Perkins kept her ear glued to the long-distance telephone in a series of feverish calls to San Francisco, in an effort to prevent a repetition of the clash of 1934.

While papers more immediately concerned held their peace, awaiting the outcome, the Baltimore *Sun* sounded a warning against the employment of dock-workers outside of the authorized hiring halls.

A growing shipping tie-up illustrated the gravity of the situation. Ships stayed fast at their docks or at anchor in the harbor, or were diverted to different ports. Habitually tranquil San Francisco fretted.

Impeached Judge "Guilty"

In the comfortably furnished office of Chesley W. Jurney, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, Federal Judge Halsted L. Ritter, of Florida, paced nervously back and forth.

Across the hall from Jurney's office, Senators lolled in their seats, smoked, and hashed over the evidence that had been presented during the eight preceding days in Ritter's impeachment trial. For two days the Senate remained in executive, or secret, session discussing the seven charges brought by the House of Representatives against the jurist in an attempt to prove him guilty of "high crimes and misdemeanors" while in office.

By the end of the week, the Senate was ready to vote. The galleries were opened. Ritter was brought in.

One Vote Escape—The first article charged that the \$75,000 receivership which the jurist had set up over Whitehall, a Florida hotel, for his former law partner, had been "exorbitant." Methodically, a clerk read off the names of the eighty-four Senators present. One by one, fifty-five of them rose and voted "guilty." Twenty-nine said "not guilty." By one vote, Ritter escaped conviction on the first charge.

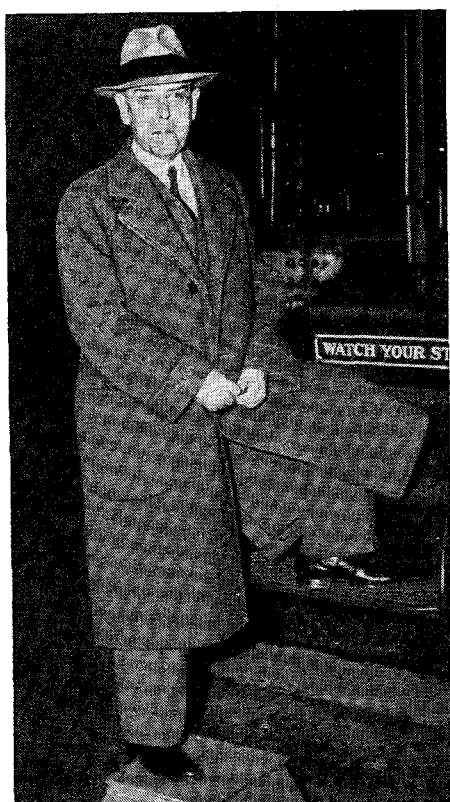
Five more times the roll was read off. By steadily increasing margins the defendant was cleared of charges of receiving money "corruptly," practising law while presiding over the bench, and evasion of income taxes.

General Charge—Then the clerk bawled out the seventh article of impeachment. It was a general accusation against the defendant for the way he had conducted his Court after his appointment by President Coolidge in 1929. The final vote began an hour after the first had been completed. Seated impassively at a table in the front of the chamber, Ritter heard two-thirds of the eighty-four Senators vote him guilty.

The fourth Federal Judge in American history to be removed by the Senate, Ritter's judicial life was not snuffed out completely. By 76 to 0 the Senate defeated an order that he should be "forever disqualified from holding any office of honor, trust, or profit under the United States."

Hagood Gets His New Deal in Army

A Tactful Commander-in-Chief Does Some Juggling of "Brass Hats"



Acme

Reinstated: Maj. Gen. Johnson Hagood, assigned to the Sixth Corps Area, Chicago

The New Deal has forgiven Maj. Gen. Johnson Hagood, U.S.A. By direction of the President, the blunt-tongued, loquacious South Carolina critic of Harry Hopkins's WPA is assigned to the command of the Sixth Corps Area, effective May 2. He also will command the Second Army.

The "Hagood case," already a *cause célèbre*, for a time threatened to become another political football. That it did not may be credited to Mr. Roosevelt's tact.

It began two months ago, when the bespectacled commanding officer of the forces along the Mexican border was "blued" for public utterances more concise than circumspect (THE LITERARY DIGEST, March 7).

That order (No. 40) loosed a flood of Congressional, public, and press criticism, with echoing cries of "Hitlerism" and "dictatorship."

Rumbling South—Three weeks ago, Mr. Roosevelt's train rumbled through the Carolinas, carrying the C.-in-C. to a fishing trip. The rubicund war-time Chief of Staff of the A. E. F.'s Services of Supply hopped aboard. Later, when the President had returned to the Capital, he called the General to the White House.

"What did you see the President about?" a Washington reporter asked.

"About eleven-thirty," the General said, smilingly.

Coordinating the businesslike S. O. S. was General Hagood's biggest war-time job.

He was born to epaulets and spurs, for his father was a Confederate brigadier. His son, 1st Lt. Johnson Hagood, Jr., carries

on as his aide. In going to bat for his men before a Congressional subcommittee with a warm plea for better Army housing, *Uncle Sam's* third ranking general officer called Mr. Hopkins's huge bank-roll "stage money."

New Deal Gasps—Ardent New Dealers gasped. The forthright soldier was stripped of his command, sent home to "await orders."

But Army men delved deeper to assign a reason for General Hagood's "bluing." They remembered his book, "Services of Supply," which Sears, Roebuck's Julius Rosenwald had published for his Army friend.

In his conclusion to that chronicle of how the A. E. F. was armed, fed, and clad, General Hagood called for a thoroughgoing shake-up of the Army's staff system.

But the disciplining of General Hagood has brought him the Army's second-best command-post, that at Chicago, vacated by Maj. Gen. Frank R. McCoy (see page 22), and a side-line job as "efficiency engineer" for Sears, Roebuck & Co.

It is rumored that he will take an even bigger job with that mail-order house after he finishes directing the Army's largest-scale maneuvers in the Middle West this summer. He has enough accumulated leave to enable him to resign then, a year before he reaches the age limit of sixty-four, and still receive \$500 a month for life.

History's Biggest Pay-Off

Slowly, the pages of the ledger recording history's biggest pay-off are being turned. *Uncle Sam* is squaring off to settle accounts with 3,518,191 War Veterans holding his adjusted service certificates. Already, under the 1931 law, veterans have borrowed nearly \$1,000,000,000 from the Government.

On June 15, 2,000,000 registered letters, each containing sheaves of \$50 baby bonds bearing 3 per cent. interest, and certified checks for amounts less than \$50, will flood

the mails. By the end of the month, 700,000 more letters will pour out. There are 800,000-odd veterans eligible for this bonus who have not filed claims.

All told, that represents 36,700,000 \$50 bonds, and \$87,786,000 in checks for odd amounts. When the postman calls with this long-awaited windfall, the veteran must sign a receipt, for the bonds are not transferable.

If he wants to turn those bonds into cash, the veteran will call at the nearest of 286 first-class post-offices for cash, or he can go to any one of 14,000 second-class post-offices where the bonds will be accepted and forwarded to the nearest depot for cashing.

But how many will want cash is the X-quantity of the bonus pay-off. "Your guess is as good as mine," says Henry Morgenthau, Jr., placid, owlsh Secretary of the Treasury. If all who get letters on June 15 want currency for their baby bonds, *Uncle Sam* will have to whack up \$1,700,000,000. He is prepared to do that.

New Cars—Some 300,000 veterans will buy new automobiles. Others will buy tickets to "See America" or "Revisit France." If every veteran decided to make a down-payment on a new house, consumer-goods industries would hit a man-sized boom.

It's much easier to estimate how this money will be spent than to guess how many bonds will be converted into cash. The American Legion sent questionnaires to half a million veterans, representing a cross-section from all stations of life.

Certified public accountants projected these returns onto a basis of 3,518,191 certificate-holders. It was based on an assumed 100 per cent. demand for cash.

The subjoined table shows how that thumping sum would be spent. Other surveys bear out the belief that the construction industries, real-estate market, and automobile manufacturers will be the greatest beneficiaries this summer.

Yet, even as the Treasury's cog-wheels are tripping out this bonus-paying machinery, veterans' lobbies at Washington are putting on more steam. And the rallying cry in this legislative scramble is:

"Pensions for all."

Allocation of Bonus Expenditures

	Number of Veterans Who Will Spend for Purpose Indicated	Percentage of Certificate Holders to Spend for Purpose Indicated	Total Amount to Be Spent for Purpose Indicated	Percentage of Total Bonus to Be Spent for Purpose Indicated
Pay debts	1,897,836	53.94	\$623,615,793.86	31.363
Build house	160,264	4.56	92,451,003.81	4.650
Repair house	1,131,450	32.16	167,541,829.37	8.426
Buy home or farm	508,689	14.46	227,987,773.93	11.466
Buy furnishings, etc.	1,276,897	36.30	116,556,355.20	5.862
Buy refrigerator	175,413	4.99	21,234,632.60	1.068
Oil or gas furnace	59,685	1.70	9,037,103.08	.454
Buy radio	153,062	4.35	8,761,112.04	.441
Clothing for self	2,638,146	75.00	51,553,569.50	2.592
Clothing for family	1,913,647	54.40	88,342,740.45	4.442
Buy automobiles	323,922	9.21	108,561,859.75	5.460
Buy trucks	44,967	1.28	14,154,571.62	.712
Tires and accessories	223,757	6.36	5,866,633.82	.295
Farm implements	220,115	6.26	43,821,038.16	2.204
Invest in own business	365,644	10.39	133,340,389.20	6.706
Invest in securities, etc.	846,187	24.05	177,777,531.59	8.941
Education	115,231	3.28	17,855,931.58	.898
Miscellaneous	263,161	7.48	79,931,312.44	4.020

Again the Dynamiter Horrifies U. S.

Haymarket Bombing Started Series Leading to Wilkes-Barre Outrage



Keystone

A bombing more effective than Wilkes-Barre's: the Wall Street explosion, which killed thirty-four persons and injured 130, in New York, September 16, 1920

Back of the Wilkes-Barre Easter bomb outrage, which brought death to three, mutilated two, and enlisted the angry aid of President Roosevelt in a hot man-hunt, lies a fifty-year history of this type of criminal violence in America.

It was not quite half a century ago, on May 4, 1886, that the country was shocked by the Haymarket bombing in Chicago, in which scores were killed and wounded. This was the first time, as Louis Adamic notes in his book "Dynamite," that "dynamite had been used in the United States for the destruction of human life. The Haymarket bomb is the Adam of all the 'pineapples' that go off nowadays in Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Detroit, and elsewhere."

It was on a rainy night in Chicago that the terror was introduced in America. For months the city had been kept at a tension. Activities of the anarchist clubs and the fight between workers and employers over the eight-hour day had shortened tempers and frayed nerves. In Haymarket Square the stage was set for the climax. Workers met there in a protest mass-meeting after a strike battle in which several had been killed.

Haymarket Drama—As Mr. Adamic dramatically describes the event:

"It rained. The crowd had dwindled down to about 500 people, mostly men. The meeting was anything but a success.

"Samuel Fielden, the last man to speak, was saying: 'I shall be through in a few minutes and then we'll all go home.'

"His beard dripping, he spoke briefly. 'In conclusion—'

"Then he saw the army of policemen marching to the square.

"Coming to within a few feet of the

crowd, the captain in command called 'Halt!'—and, with drawn sword, advanced toward the speaker.

"'I command you,' he said at the top of his voice, 'in the name of the people to immediately and peaceably disperse!'

"A moment of intense silence; only the sharp wind from the lake swished through the crowd and the police ranks, driving the rain in their faces.

"'Why, Captain,' said Fielden at last, 'we are peaceable.' (It is certain that he did not say: 'Here are the bloodhounds! Men, do your duty and I'll do mine,' as he was quoted, later, by the police.)

Terrific Detonation—"Another spell of silence. Few in the crowd knew what was going on. Then—suddenly—a blinding flash, a cloud of gray smoke—a terrific detonation, a sickening smell. . . . Some one—possibly an anarchist, probably a hired 'racketeer'—had hurled a bomb from the alley a few feet from the speakers' stand, just off the right flank of the police detachment.

"Confusion. Firing started. Policemen were shooting at the crowd and at one another. They could not see for the smoke. The workers returned the fire and the square was immediately strewn with bodies. Then the police reformed and made a charge on the workers. The latter yelled and groaned, trying to escape the volley of the enraged officers. Some were dragging their dead and wounded friends and relatives with them.

"All this happened in two or three minutes.

"On the side of 'law and order,' sixty-seven policemen were wounded. Seven of them died. The workers' casualties were perhaps twice, possibly three times, that

many; the number has never been determined."

Seven men were sentenced to death for the bombing. One killed himself. The sentences of Fielden and another man were commuted to life imprisonment. Four were hanged.

Spreading Terror—Thus the bomb terror came to America. Since then it has killed and maimed hundreds.

On December 30, 1905, ex-Governor Frank Steunenberg of Idaho, who had aroused the antagonism of the miners, was blown to pieces by a bomb attached to the gate of his home.

On October 1, 1910, the building of the Los Angeles Times, bitter foe of unionism, was wrecked by a bomb, with the loss of twenty lives. James B. McNamara pleaded guilty to the dynamiting and was sentenced to life imprisonment. His brother, John J., confessed to another dynamiting and received a fifteen-year sentence.

On July 22, 1916, a dynamite bomb exploded during San Francisco's Preparedness Day Parade, killing six persons instantly and injuring more than forty, of whom four died within a few days. Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings were convicted of the bombing and are now serving life sentences. Their fight for release, on the charge of perjured testimony, has been going on ever since.

Wall Street Blast—On September 16, 1920, an explosion in Wall Street, opposite J. P. Morgan & Company's banking house, killed thirty-four persons, injured 130, and caused property damage estimated at \$2,500,000.

In the "Easter gift" bombings at Wilkes-Barre, neatly-wrapped cigar boxes full of dynamite were sent by parcel post to six persons.

Three of the Wilkes-Barre bombs were seized before delivery. Three were opened. One did not explode. One killed Michael Gallagher, a seventy-year-old cemetery caretaker. The third fatally injured Thomas J. Maloney, a former mine-union leader, and his four-year-old son, lacerated his seventeen-year-old daughter.

Police thought some one with an old grievance, or a madman, sent the bombs. President Roosevelt ordered three Federal investigators to help in the man-hunt.

Peace Without Victory

Lloyd Lewis, eighteen, lanky, long-faced farm boy, is a Junior at the Plattsburg High School, down on Smith's Fork of the River Platte, Missouri.

In summer, with his five brothers and sisters, he does chores on his father's 100-acre grain tract six miles from Plattsburg.

In winter, because of cold and bad roads, he lives at Mrs. Hettie Robinson's boarding-house in town.

Listening in on the radio is about the only amusement at night for Plattsburg's 1,670 citizens. One evening last January J. O. Filillan, Lloyd's history class teacher, heard Eddie Cantor, the comedian, announce a \$5,000 scholarship for the best

essay of about 500 words on "How Can America Stay Out of War?"

He promptly put his students to work on it. Lloyd's, one of 212,000 manuscripts, sent in from all parts of the country, was adjudged the best.

Triumphant Tour—Plattsburg went wild with joy and sped its honor student off to New York and triumph by plane. Newspapers printed the essay, and last week this brought an end to Lloyd's dizzy whirl. Mrs. William Thayer Brown, a member of the New Jersey Council of International Relations, spotted it as a copy of an essay by Dr. Frank Kingdon, President of the University of Newark.

In New York Lloyd drawled out the truth. He needed material for his essay and appealed to Mrs. Robinson. She handed him the December number of *Peace Digest*, in which she had read an article by Doctor Kingdon.

"Sure, I copied the article," Lloyd exclaimed, with a calm that astounded the Cantor Committee. "I don't see anything wrong in that. It was much better than I could have done."

The next day the Orange (N. J.) *Daily Courier* announced that it had discovered "striking similarities in the ideas expressed in the Doctor Kingdon article and those attributed to Premier Clemenceau in Lincoln Steffens's autobiography."

Back home Lloyd Lewis said Cantor told him not to worry. "He said every one makes mistakes and that he would see me through to college."

Daylight Saving Originator

Blame Benjamin Franklin if your alarm-clock rasps its gloomy reveille before dawn this summer. For he it was who originated the daylight saving time idea, soon to rob the citizens of many States of their last hour of beauty sleep.

On March 20, 1784, Franklin wakened at 6 A. M. in Paris, blinked at the bright sun, decided it was silly for people to sleep "until noon," burn candles at night.

So he wrote a letter to a Paris newspaper, humorously chiding Parisians for their sloth, and outlining a daylight saving plan.

"Every morning," he wrote, "as soon as the sun rises, let all the bells in every church be set ringing.

"If that is not sufficient, let cannon be fired in every street to wake the sluggards effectually."

Protesting Farmers—The daylight saving idea languished until 1916, when England, as a war conservation measure, pushed her clocks ahead an hour. In 1917 the United States Congress passed a similar law to become effective in 1918. Objections from farmers caused its repeal in 1919.

This year daylight time will be observed, wholly or in part, in New York, New Jersey, Vermont, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Maine, Massachusetts, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Georgia, Minnesota, and Idaho. Wisconsin and New Hampshire have laws prohibiting it.

Lobby Bloodhounds Hit Farm Trails

Black Committee Delves Into Tie-Ups of Independence Council

The Senate's modest, heavy-footed, but indefatigable Hugo L. Black of Alabama is a Southerner and a farmer. He personally resents spurious claimants to either of these venerable titles. Last week he had an opportunity to turn up a few.

This same Senator Black has been on the front pages in his investigations of telegrams commandeered from the files of the Western Union and the Postal Telegraph companies. His Lobby Committee has been scrutinizing such spokesmen of the public utilities as the American Taxpayers' League and the Crusaders. Now his bloodhounds are on new warm trails leading from Wilmington, Delaware, to Macon, Georgia; from the Kansas wheat-fields to a certain Chicago sky-scraper.

What about the activities of the Farmers' Independence Council of America? It was volubly anti-New Deal; that was sure. But was it close to the soil? He wanted to know.

Dark Inklings—Testimony of Stanley F. Morse of Chicago, Vice-President of the Council, gave support to dark inklings of the Black Committee that this particular organization and others were holding hands with the American Liberty League. Morse had helped organize the Council while he was still a "consulting agriculturalist" for the League. For two months its main office was Morse's office in the Washington headquarters of the League. Later it was housed in the League's Chicago branch.

Tho the committee could not learn definitely how many farmers belong, it did discover that (1) contributors to the Council included Lamot du Pont, J. N. Pew, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., and other backers of the Liberty League, (2) that the Council's support came not from anti-New Deal farmers, but from meat packers and corporation heads in the East.

Senator Black next summoned John H. Kirby of the Southern Committee to Uphold the Constitution. Founded last summer, this organization was the propelling force



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Stanley E. Morse: His testimony supported "dark inklings" of the Black Committee

behind Gov. Eugene Talmadge's "grass-roots" convention of disgruntled Southern Democrats at Macon, Georgia, in January.

Witnesses said that *The Georgia Woman's World*, circulated throughout the South, was financed by one of the heads of the Southern Committee. The paper repeated an old stunt calculated to win the white vote, printed photographs of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt being escorted about Washington by Negroes, articles implying that they often are White House guests.

Of \$41,000 in contributions received by the Southern Committee to Uphold the Constitution, more than \$8,000 came from the du Pont brothers, of Delaware, \$5,000 from John J. Raskob, of New York.

Sentry Duty—Then the Committee turned to the Sentinels of the Republic, an organization created in 1922 to oppose the Woman's Suffrage Amendment. The Committee discovered that Raymond Pitcairn, Director of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co., advanced \$91,000 to the Sentinels. Four other Pitcairns gave \$12,000.

In the midst of the inquiry, the House of Representatives gave the lobby investigators a sharp rebuke. It refused to appropriate \$10,000 the Committee asked to fight the suit brought against it by Publisher William Randolph Hearst.

One pungent scent picked up last week was as quickly dropped.

It concerned a letter from Vice President John Nance Garner to Mr. Kirby, who had asked his old Texas crony how long he was "going to tolerate the apostasy of the Roosevelt Administration from the cardinal principles of the Democratic Party."

"You don't control everybody you would like to," the Vice President wrote, "and I am in a similar fix. I think that answers your question."

To many in the country it raised a few.



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John H. Kirby . . . raised a question

Topics in Brief

ONE thing is certain: The opposition can't get into Mr. Farley's hair.—*Atlanta Georgian*.

WITH taxes up where they are you don't have to be on the WPA to be working for the Government.—*Life*.

Too often the politician who stumps the State before election succeeds in doing it afterwards, too.—*Dallas News*.

A SCIENTIST asserts that life began in hot water. It seems to be holding its own.—*Olin Miller in Atlanta Journal*.

WHY not broaden that militarized zone on both sides of the Rhine, to take in all France and Germany?—*Boston Globe*.

THE chief problem of a dictator is how to keep the stomachs of his subjects full and their heads empty.—*Providence News-Tribune*.

It appears Mr. Hoover could have made more of floods in his 1932 alarms. He failed to predict seaweed in the streets.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

JUST fancy the consternation of a corporation executive who learns he has been laying aside a reserve for the Government's rainy day.—*Troy Record*.

THREE great naval Powers have agreed to exchange building information; all department store owners know what that means—they always exchange what they don't need.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*.

GOV. ALF LONDON is described as a man who keeps his promises. That's something. But are the people ready for a drastic change?—*Toledo Blade*.

A MISSOURI chemist lists fifty-two products that come from corn-cobs. Many of these, of course, are easily removed with a pipe-cleaner.—*Detroit News*.

A CALIFORNIA centenarian died recently after seeing an automobile for the first time. He did not see it soon enough.—*Helena (Mont.) Independent*.

ITALY has three new submarines. If the Ethiopian rains continue, the natives may have to keep an eye peeled for periscopes.—*Springfield (Mo.) Leader-Press*.

THE head of New York's school system rules that no pacifism shall be taught in its classes. Blessed are the peacemakers, but not on the city's time.—*Barron's*.

ALIENS with criminal records are unhappy over the prospect of more drastic deportation laws. Why, they all ought to be in transports.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

AFTER all, a bald-headed barber touting a hair tonic is no less convincing than Bachelor Hitler blandly advocating marriage for everybody else.—*Boston Herald*.

MOST machines are held together because of bolts and nuts. But it looks as tho the Republican and Democratic Parties will hold together in spite of them—at least, for a while.—*New York World-Telegram*.

WHEN the flood came Noah was ready. But then, he didn't have to get an appropriation bill through Congress.—*Norfolk (Va.) Ledger-Dispatch*.

THE Veterans of Future Wars in the colleges are having fun—and let them have it. They'll learn soon enough that we put the last one on their charge account.—*Tacoma Daily Ledger*.

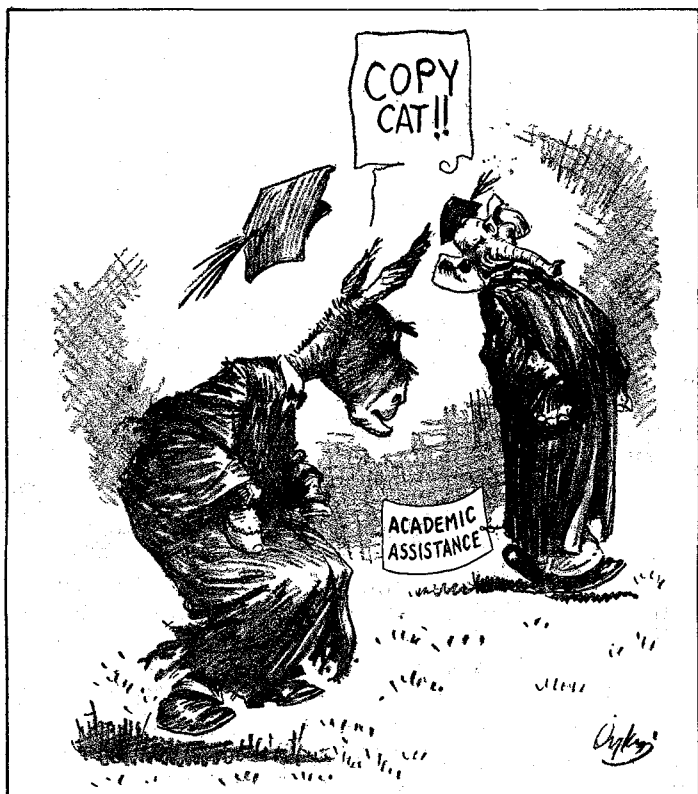
THE Columbia professor who has worked out a way to prolong human life on an average of seven years has a lot of faith in the Government's relief resources.—*Kansas City Star*.

THE Hungarian Premier and a political foe had a bloodless duel, or the kind in which everybody's honor is satisfied except that of the man who gave the shooting lessons.—*New York Sun*.

HITLER's announcement that Germany will enter into no secret agreements with other nations is rather puzzling. Aren't they as easy to break as the other kind?—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph*.

MAYOR MCNAIR of Pittsburgh, in a Congressional hearing, suggests that the lawgivers start to economize. They threaten not only to have him thrown out of the room, but put in jail as well.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

THE average United States citizen works seventy days a year to earn money with which to pay taxes, direct and indirect. He does this because he loves his *Uncle Sam*, because he is patriotic, and because, try as he may, he can't figure up any way of getting out of it.—*St. Louis Star-Times*.



Gone Collegiate

—Sykes in the *Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger*



Lowbrow's Dilemma

—Elderman in the *Washington Post*

Lion, Fox, and Lamb in Geneva's Zoo

Diplomatic Talk Beside Lac Lemán; General Staff Talk in London

In that costly international zoo, Geneva's Peace Palace, a lion, a fox, and a lamb met last week in a cage strictly guarded from nature-loving correspondents.

Baron Pompeo Aloisi, who has aged six years in the last six troubled months, assumed the lion's rôle. The lean Italian diplomat, justifying his title of Mussolini's phonograph, played one of Il Duce's favorite records: "Better the life of a lion for a day than that of a sheep for a hundred years."

In the old days, Salvador de Madariaga, "modern Voltaire" and head of the League's conciliatory Committee of Thirteen, had an agile answer for that. "Foxes are better than lions," the sharp-nosed Spaniard pronounced, "and less dangerous."

Yet, the Baron's roars drowned his soft-voiced palaver, and Belaten Gueta Wolde Mariam, Ethiopia's stocky little delegate, wandered in and out like a shorn lamb.

Ironie Efforts—Probably no one realized better than the sardonic Madariaga the irony of his efforts for peace. Even while he talked with Emperor Haile Selassie's spokesman, Italians hoisted their red, white, and green tricolor over conquered Dessye, and pushed on toward the primitive Capital, Addis Ababa.

"Mussolini has decided to prolong the procedure at Geneva in order that the occupation of Addis Ababa can crown his victories," said *L'Œuvre* (Paris). "Geneva, cradled in illusions, does not seem to comprehend the maneuver. . . . Nobody knows exactly where he is heading, or where he wants to head."

Gloomy diplomats moped in the hotels strung out along Lac Lemán. Pierre-Etienne Flandin, French Foreign Minister, did not bother to attend. His delegate, Minister of State Joseph Paul-Boncour, who usually injects his eloquent tongue in every public and private debate, sadly advised his friends that the situation demanded the courage to be silent.

The New York Times Correspondent caught a glimpse of Anthony Eden, King Edward's Foreign Secretary, striding in the rain through Mon Repos Park, with a worried frown on his heavy brows.

Aloisi did nothing to cheer them. He announced that Italy would discuss peace with the Ethiopians directly, and dictate terms without international interference. He named Ouchy, cater-cornered across the Lake, near Lausanne, rather than the League city, as a meeting-place. Furthermore, pending Haile Selassie's surrender, Il Duce's warriors would not grant an armistice.

Thumbs Down—Ethiopia's black thumbs turned down. Then, in mocking concession to outraged Geneva, Italy offered to admit a tongue-tied League observer to the talks.

M. Paul-Boncour, with all his lawyer's skill, sought a real compromise. Mr. Eden's frown deepened. His logical next step was to call for stricter sanctions—oil, military—against Rome. But would France walk with him?

The Paris press blazed opposition. By sanctions, *L'Intransigeant* pointed out, France "simply succeeded in driving away Italy without getting the least compensation from England."

"It would be a veritable aberration," bleated the semiofficial *Temps*, "to run the risk of war in the Mediterranean in order to halt the war in Africa." Rather than fling fresh irritants across the Alps, many newspapers advocated a quick Geneva exit.

Paris generally refused to publish the League's incomplete official figures on the force of sanctions. Between November and March, Italy's total imports dropped 24 per cent., exports, 62. Britain, in a whole-hearted effort to punish the aggressor, lopped her purchases 51 per cent., her sales 85. The corresponding French figures showed a drop of 26 and 42 per cent.

Americans, uninfluenced by the ban, in-

creased their purchases 27 per cent.; sales fell only 10.

London, where estimates place the war-cost to Italy around \$22,500,000 a month, rejoiced.

The drain, according to *The Times* (London), "may well become intolerable if prolonged indefinitely."

Rome, at least on the surface, considered past sanctions and the threat of future ones calmly.

"The thesis that, unless military sanctions are applied, the League of Nations' prestige will be lost forever," struck *La Tribuna* as interesting, "and bound exclusively to Mr. Eden's personal career."

Staff Palaver—While diplomats struggled away from buttonholing reporters at Geneva, officers of the General Staffs of three Locarno Powers—Britain, France, Belgium—found absolute secrecy in London. The talks were France's reward for not acting against Hitler when he seized the demilitarized zone on March 7.

Inconspicuous in mufti, the tacticians met in a map-hung room at the Admiralty, Whitehall.

Under the circumstances, the German press surveyed the talks with amazing good humor. The *Kölnische Zeitung* suavely suggested the Powers adopt Hitler's peace-plan, and extend the staff talks to Germany's protection. *L'Œuvre* (Paris) stressed the "atmosphere of confidence" in London. But, there, *The Daily Telegraph* emphasized that, despite the talks, Britain reserves the right to judge what policy should be pursued.

* * *

Italian Claws in Ethiopia

During the first five months of the Ethiopian War, Mussolini's 200,000 olive-green soldiers crawled at a snail's pace over the blistered African mountains. They covered only 120 miles, an average of twenty a month.

Early this month, Il Duce thumbed his calendar, realized that the great tropical rains were only weeks away, and—with a side glance at fretting Geneva diplomats—



Keystone



Wide World



Aral Photo from Leon Daniel

Defiance, calm, dismay in the League crisis: (left to right), Pompeo Aloisi, Italy's spokesman; Salvador de Madariaga, Spanish Chairman of the League's Committee of Thirteen, and Wolde Mariam, Haile Selassie's unsuccessful envoy

roared for speed. In Africa Marshal Pietro Badoglio heard and answered.

Last week, on Badoglio's campaign map appeared two great claws, one clutching up from the south toward Harar, close to Ethiopia's sole railroad line; the other stretching down from the north toward Addis Ababa, Capital and heart of the nation.

Between these claws he hoped to pinch Emperor Haile Selassie's primitive armies into extinction.

The northern claw moved with a rapidity that upset the predictions of all Europe. In five days, convoyed by planes dropping food supplies from the air, it moved 120 miles over wild mountain roads and plumped down into Dessye, the Emperor's former war headquarters.

While the invaders' rifles cracked on the hilltops, the Crown Prince flung together his belongings, turned out the palace lights, and, with tears streaming down his cheeks, skipped with his bodyguard. Practically every inhabitant had fled before him.

The claw went shooting out again. Loaded on 1,000 trucks, air-planes spraying machine-gun fire and poison gas before them, a contingent of 20,000 men plunged into the tangle of mountains toward Addis Ababa, 170 miles away.

Near Addis Ababa—Italian dispatches promised to capture it in three days. On the third day, having plowed unimpeded over peaks 12,000 feet high, crossed dangerous ravines, and swung around hairpin curves perched over chasms half a mile deep, the olive-green claw seized Ankoher, only one day's journey from Addis Ababa.

The date for the Capital's fall was advanced to April 21, the 2,689th anniversary of the founding of Rome.

Flat-roofed Addis Ababa went wild with fear. Three times Italian bombers circled the city, blasting the palace grounds.

Meanwhile, the southern claw moved up and gave the troops of Ras Nassibu, trapped near Harar, a nasty tweak. Rome announced that it was only a matter of days before the claws would lock and the war would be over.

Sad-Eyed Emperor—Sole comfort to harried Ethiopians was a message from their sad-eyed little Emperor, denying that he had cropped off his beard and was hopping in flight from cave to cave. Reports that he had fled to nearby Kenya Colony were also brushed aside as "ridiculous."

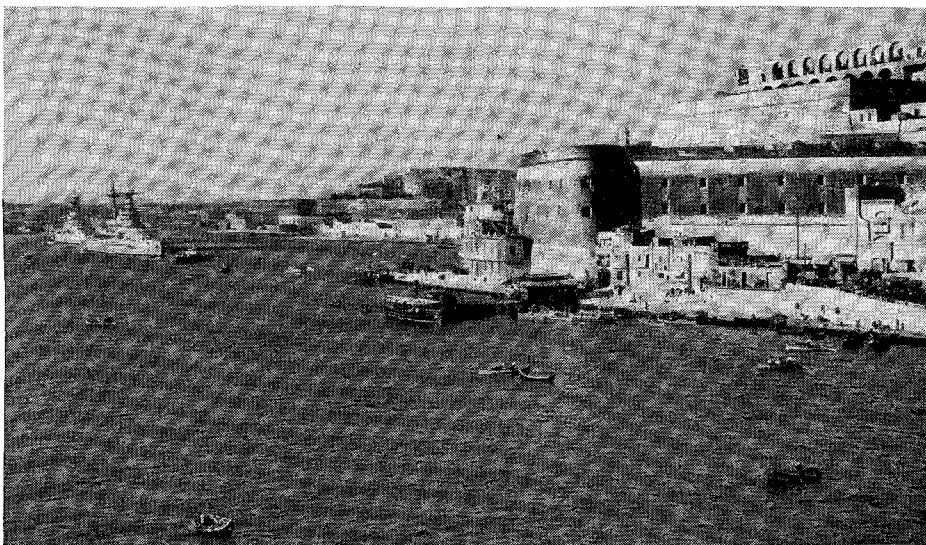
While the Emperor's whereabouts were kept secret, he was said to have taken a position in the mountains north of the Capital with 20,000 men, all that remained after his rout at Lake Ashangi.

Somewhere between the two claws lay hidden, likewise, a large force under Ras Emerou—as yet undefeated—and another under Ras Ayelu. Even with Addis Ababa and the railway in their grasp, Il Duce's troops would still have to contend with these guerrilla-warriors, threatening to strike like lightning against food convoys and railroad bridges.

But meanwhile the claws squeeze hard, and Ethiopia this week is panting for her life.

Strategic Malta: Buzzing Hornet's Nest

Britain Rushes Life-Line Defenses on Island Coveted by Italy



Publishers' Photo Service

Malta, Britain's "hot potato," which may lose its Constitutional status

Each year since 1929 Malta, Britain's sun-kissed fortified isle in the Mediterranean, has grown more and more of a hot potato in the hands of *John Bull*. Too valuable to drop, he has got out of wind blowing his indulgent breath upon it.

This week Malta was getting even hotter—and more valuable because of the Anglo-Italian tension—and *John Bull* found that something more cooling was in order.

What he threatened to do was to put the minuscule colony directly under the thumb of young Malcolm MacDonald, his Colonial Secretary in London. In effect, Malta, now with constitutional status, would revert to the status of a Crown Colony.

In 1921, Malta won a Constitution as a reward for loyalty in the war. Peace-time brought Italian minority grievances to the surface. Ardent Roman Catholics and Nationalists, by 1929 they had lit on a popular bone of contention.

An Italian abbot on the mainland ordered a Maltese friar to Sicily. Lord Strickland, then Prime Minister and himself a Catholic, intervened. The island archbishop countered by making it a sin to vote for the Prime Minister.

Assassin Fires—For eighteen months native bitterness grew fiercer daily. An assassin then fired three futile shots at Strickland. The Roman press, which regards Malta as Italia Irredenta, fought the Nationalists' battle.

In June, 1930, Britain suspended the Constitution. With the "danger of disorder passed," local government resumed two years later. Then London banned Italian in elementary schools.

Nationalists gleefully pounced on the new grievance. Again the Roman press took up the dispute. The Anglicization program, *Il Piccolo* (Rome) said, "will oblige islanders to eat five meals a day."

In November, 1933, Britain resuspended the Constitution, "being satisfied that a grave emergency exists."

Last week, in the midst of these activities, Malta's seventeen Senators and thirty-two members of the House of Assembly prepared for the meeting of Parliament, scheduled this week. Many of them feared it might be the last, with the 1921 Constitution going by the board.

Military Governor—The appointment of Lt.-Gen. Sir Charles Bonham-Carter as Governor seemed, in any case, to foreshadow stricter rule.

Early this year Italian agitators stirred more trouble on the island. Sir Charles shipped them home for acts "prejudicial to the peace and safety of the fortress."

Empire's Life-Line—Situating midway between Gibraltar and Port Said, Malta dominates the Mediterranean and controls the Empire's life-line to the East. To Italy it is a jutting barrier between Sicily and her North African colony of Tripoli.

When the present war-scare rippled the Mediterranean, Britons woke to the fear of Italian bombers.

Moreover, Il Duce hurriedly supplemented his naval bases in Messina and at Taranto on the heel of the Italian boot, by fortifying the island of Pantelleria off the coast of Tunis.

Malta suddenly spun with British blue-jackets. They set up antiaircraft batteries and wire entanglements. Old subterranean passages became gas-proof caves. Maltese women in their canopy-like *faldetta* head-dress turned out for gas-mask drills. Along the water-front, workmen slaved in secret at obsolete fortifications.

Would Britons fight for their ninety-square-mile possession? T. R. Ybarra, writing for *Collier's*, asked Army officers if they would not relinquish Malta in case of war "because it is near Italy."

"In case of a general European war," one Englishman shot back, "do you think we would give up London, because it is so close to the Continent?"

Bolivar's League: Realization Is Likely

Warrior's Soul Goes Marching On as South American Peacemaker

Simon Bolivar (1783-1830) rode like a modern St. George over northern South America, slaying dragons of Spanish despotism left and right.

Son of an aristocratic Spanish family that settled in Venezuela, he fought 200 battles and died at forty-seven, leaving six Republics—Venezuela, Peru, Panama, Colombia, Bolivia, and Ecuador—and a continent's fame as *El Libertador* behind him.

Statues were erected to him in Bogota, Colombia; Lima, Peru; and in New York. His tomb in Caracas, Venezuela, is a world-famous shrine. In 1930 the centenary of his death was observed in almost every country.

Still, most South American countries hold that Bolivar should be better known for his peace work. Last week it appeared that this desire would be realized.

Pan-American—Soldier as well as statesman, Bolivar saw the need of tranquillity among his people. Therefore, in 1826, he called a Pan-American Congress, at Panama, to create among them a "union, league, and perpetual confederation." He conceived a family of nations approximating what developed in the Wilsonian League of Nations.

The idea took root, even tho Mexico, Peru, and Guatemala balked. A quarter of a century later, it achieved some substance in a "Continental Treaty."

Down to 1889, political upheavals, revolts, and mutinies kept Latin America's twenty-one Republics ever alive to the need for peace and cooperation.

In that year began the first of seven so-called Pan-American Conferences, fostered by the United States.

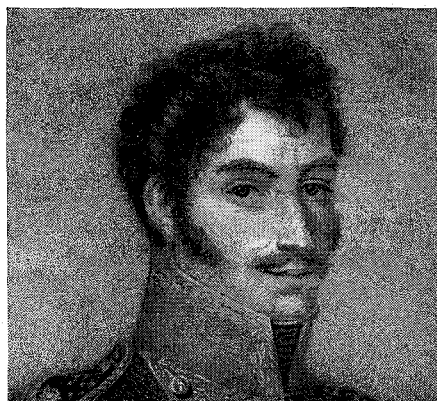
In 1923, at the fifth gathering, in Santiago de Chile, President Baltasar Brun of Uruguay strongly urged discussion of the League project. The United States objected in uneasiness over the Monroe Doctrine.

Five years later, at Havana, America again squelched the idea. Behind its action lay a fear of conflict with such of its policies as intervention in the collection of private and public debts.

Change in Spirit—In 1932 President Roosevelt went into office preaching the good neighbor spirit. A year later the seventh Pan-American conference ratified: the Gondra pact for avoiding and preventing conflicts concluded at Santiago de Chile in 1923, the Kellogg-Briand antiwar pact reached in Paris in 1928, the Inter-American Arbitration Treaty signed in Washington in 1929, and the Argentine antiwar agreement, signed at Rio de Janeiro in 1933.

Rapidly, the ground was being prepared for Bolivar's League. In 1934 the United States agreed no longer to undertake a guaranty of Panama's independence or to retain the right to intervene in preserving order in Panama City or Colon.

The same year the United States annulled the Platt Amendment giving it the right of intervention in Cuba.



Courtesy The Old Print Shop, New York

Simon Bolivar called a congress 100 years ago, to consider a Pan-American League;—



Keystone

—now, Gen. Agustin P. Justo, President of Argentina, is host at the Pan-American conference set for Buenos Aires, and—



Keystone

—Arturo Alessandri, President of Chile, is expected to champion the plan for a League

By last month President Roosevelt thought the League idea was ripe for discussion. He proposed a conference to that end this summer in Buenos Aires, and virtually all of Latin America acquiesced.

So heartily in favor of the idea was President Agustin Justo, Argentina's elderly military dictator, that he immediately proposed, as basis for the League, a Treaty containing seventeen specific agreements. This was turned over to a Committee preparing a parley agenda in Washington.

Thus, in the mind of Latin American political thinkers, formation of the League

is nearer than ever before, declared Dr. Samuel G. Inman, Editor of *La Nueva Democracia*, only Spanish language monthly in New York. They conceive it as a "regional section of the League of Nations," he wrote.

Said *La Prensa*, only Spanish-language daily in New York:

"Nothing could be more worthy and useful than the unanimity with which Mr. Roosevelt's proposal was approved. . . . The course of Hispano-American relations should find its natural and highly-to-be-wished direction in a complete, organic, and definitive understanding among all the countries of the New World. . . . But to insinuate that they are to work for a conference for creating a supreme continental tribunal could only be the fruit of haphazard inconsistency."

President Roosevelt has already received several intimations, in answer to his invitations, to the effect that "cooperation with the League (of Nations) should be included in the Pan-American plans," notes the *New York Times*.

When the League Treaty is signed, Simon Bolivar's work will be completed. Last week he was already gaining greater fame as the memory of his liberations stirred Latin Americans toward that goal.

Royal Abduction

Princess Charlotte, beautiful, thirty-seven-year-old daughter of Prince Louis II, ruler of tiny Monaco, is a real-life *Portia* to her people. Her mother was Juliette Louvet, a washerwoman who won the heart of the dashing Louis when he was fighting with the French Foreign Legion.

Charlotte has been, possibly as a result, so close to the 23,000 Monegasques that they constantly run to her with their troubles. She softens the effect of her father's decrees and in turn pleads for him when their severity riles his people.

In fiction princesses always are happy; Charlotte is not. In 1920 Louis picked as her husband, the blond, good-looking Comte Pierre de Polignac, scion of a priggish French family. Made a prince, he constantly nagged his wife about her overly-democratic spirit. Hence in 1933 this difference in principles, in part, led to a divorce.

Prince Pierre received the custody of a daughter, Princess Antoinette, now fifteen, and Prince Ranier, twelve, for nine months of the year, and got \$52,000 a year in cash.

Last month Pierre staged an angry scene with Antoinette in his Paris home and discharged her English governess, Kathleen C. Wamstall.

Grandfather Louis arrived and took the refugees back to Monte Carlo under guard. Pierre brought suit in Paris.

Answered Louis: "This affair is not a kidnaping, but an act of sovereignty having the character of protection and justice under Monaco's laws." He thereupon made both children—Ranier, heir to the throne, is in England—his wards by royal decree.

Last week Governess Wamstall received this anonymous note: "Hauptmann was also a kidnaper, and you deserve his fate."

Greeks Fear Dictatorship Stage Is Set

Metaxas Rises to Power After Hitching His Wagon to Royal Star



Wide World

Gen. John Metaxas (lower left), new Greek Premier, talks to the crowd

A stocky, bespectacled autocrat, Gen. John Metaxas, is ranked by many Greeks as more royalist than his youthful monarch, George II. Largely because of this, Metaxas is Prime Minister of politically-torn Greece.

Metaxas did his first yeoman service for the House of Glucksburg in the Balkan Wars of 1912-'13. As assistant chief of staff for George's pro-German father, Constantine, he drove Greek armies to victory.

In 1921 Metaxas strongly opposed Constantine's ill-judged operations against the Turks in Asia Minor. Constantine abdicated and George was called to the throne.

Hitched to Star—Metaxas hitched himself to George's star and tried to oust a triumvirate of political bosses—Gen. Nicholas Plastiras, Stylianos Gonatas, Admiral Nicholas Hadjikyriacos—ruling the country. Failing, he was ordered punished. George refused to allow it, and, under pressure, preferred to abdicate.

Metaxas stayed on, however. He successfully revolted against Plastiras's dictatorship in 1923, recognized the Republic in 1924 and frustrated a revolt by Eleutherios Venizelos in 1935.

Biding his time, the General strengthened his influence in both the Army and politics.

Coup Reclaims Throne—Last December King George reclaimed his throne in a clever *coup d'état* staged by Marshal George Kondylis, who tired of the bickering republican politicians. George suspected Kondylis of plotting a fascist dictatorship with himself as a Greek Mussolini, and promptly shelved him.

Metaxas saw his chance coming. Defections from the Venizelist and Popular Party boosted his prestige. Kondylis died, then Venizelos also. A fortnight ago Constantine Demerdjis passed away.

George had named Demerdjis "neutral"

Premier after the January elections in which the republican Venizelists gained a majority. Altho Metaxas's Party had a paltry six seats in Parliament, George put him in the Cabinet as Vice Premier and War Minister for Safety.

The King last week promoted Metaxas to head of the Government. Venizelists, smelling a dictatorship, demanded that the monarch leave the Cabinet solution to Parliament, as provided by the Constitution.

Press Views—"Metaxas will overthrow the Chamber because he is a known enemy of constitutionalism," warned the *Kathimerini*, Tsaldarist Popular Party organ.

Said the Communist paper *Risopastes*: "Metaxas is preparing for a dictatorship under the King's auspices."

The Venizelist paper *Patris* took a moderate view: "Metaxas will be kept because, owing to dissension in other Parties, any other Cabinet is impossible while the King is able to choke any possible attempt at dictatorship."

Chatter-Box India

The All-India Congress, guiding spirit of Mother India's ever-surging independence movement, broke up noisily in sun-baked Lucknow last week with its 1,000 delegates very much befuddled about the future.

For three days they had scuffled under a huge marquee in the stifling heat listening to jabbering leaders hammering away at England, whose history fairly drips with action in Lucknow.

Dissension lay heavily on the air. Chatter-box demonstrators were pushed outside. Patiently the delegates and 400 visitors listened to Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, newly-elected President:

"The only solution for India's problems

lies in socialism, involving vast revolutionary changes in the political and social structure and ending the vested interests in land and industry, as well as the feudal autocratic Indian States system, which has long outlived its day."

Then, with his gloomy eyes fixed rigidly: "The new All-India Federal Constitution is a charter of slavery. The Congress Party should seek to end provincial legislatures by creating deadlocks, and it should kill the Federation."

As he sat down Rajendra Prasad, retiring President of the Congress, jumped to his feet, denounced his slightly bald, gray-haired successor: "You're just airing your new-found book knowledge!"

Wide Split—From all this the home-going delegates gathered that the split between the Nehru faction and the Gandhi faction of the Congress was as wide as a maharajah's turban cloth is long.

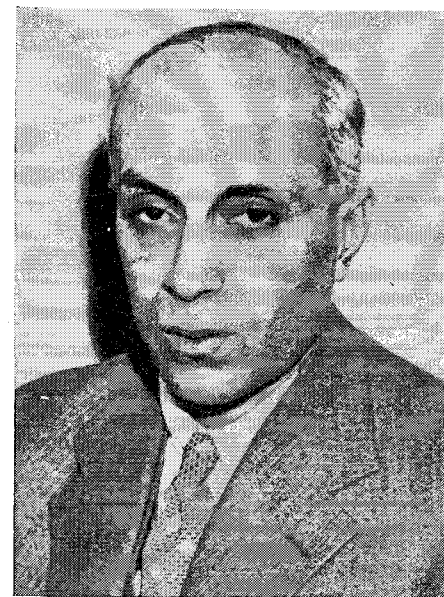
Pandit Nehru, "fortyish," with an ascetic face and nicely carved hands, was born a Brahman. His wealthy, nabobish father, a high caste lawyer, sent him to Harrow and then Oxford, where Pandit Nehru learned exquisite manners, dislike for the English.

Back home, he persuaded his father to give up his fortune and his linens laundered in France, donate his Lucknow mansion to charity, and move to poor quarters.

Militant Rebel—Pandit Nehru joined Mahatma Gandhi, visited Soviet Russia, and came home more of a rebel than his master. He preached militantly complete and immediate freedom from British rule, while Gandhi stuck to his "passive resistance" middle-road course.

Gandhi, weak from years of campaigning, lately retired, and Pandit Nehru grasped control of the All-India Congress.

Last week's Congress was regarded as a setback to Pandit Nehru. By a vote of 487 to 225 the delegates rejected his proposal to refuse public office under the new Constitution. Angrily he stamped out, condemning the Congress's "defeatist mentality."



Wide World

Gandhi's successor: Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, President of the All-India Congress

Japanese Army Wedge Cuts Trade Path

Moscow Jeers as Penetration Links Great Wall Area to Manchukuo



© International

Motorized units of the Kwantung (Japanese Continental) Army, which paves the way for Japan's economic penetration of Asia

In the cotton mills of Osaka, Japanese city of gigantic industries, girls between fourteen and eighteen earn twenty cents a day producing cheap cotton handkerchiefs. Together with rubber goods, matches, and metal gadgets, these handkerchiefs, stamped "Made in Japan," are dumped into every corner of Asia.

By camel-caravan they go to the nomad Mongols of the Gobi Desert. Sampons take them up the headwaters of China's Yangtze River. Coolies carry them over the mountain passes of Tibet to the forbidden city of Lhasa.

To Japan this stream of exports is the lifeblood of her sixty-seven crowded millions. So complete is the industrialization of the island Empire, that her industrial captains can see no way but to conquer ever-new markets.

Belligerent Butting—Hence, Japan's hunger for Asiatic colonies. Hence, too, her disciplined Kwantung (Continental) Army, which has overrun northern China, making and unmaking Provincial Governors, setting up new States, and butting belligerently against the stubborn borders of Soviet Russia.

First came Manchukuo. While armored cars poured Japanese troops into Harbin, the League of Nations was informed that the Manchus had set up an autonomous State by "self-determination," and Henry Pu Yi, fragile, bespectacled outcast ruler of China, was proclaimed Emperor. Japanese industrialists promptly sank a billion dollars into Manchukuoan railroads, mines, and soybean fields.

Unsated, Japan pressed westward, handkerchiefs and gadgets following hard on the heels of bombing planes and motorized detachments. In the Provinces of Chahar and Hopei, however, angry Chinese began to

buck. Snipers took to popping off Nippon troopers from behind the parapets of the Great Wall.

Short shrift was made of all such opposition. Officials by the score "resigned," making way for new ones, more complaisant to Kwantung Army orders. "Spontaneous" autonomy movements blossomed overnight in two great Provinces and eighteen counties; and a wedge-shaped zone along the Great Wall was declared "demilitarized."

New Steps—Last week Japan took new steps to break down in northern China all resistance to the handkerchiefs and gadgets made by the factory girls of Osaka:

1. She sponsored a pact linking the East Hopei Autonomous Council with Manchukuo for common defense by the Japanese Army "against communism."

2. A new Japanese Ambassador was sent to the Chinese Central Government at Nanking, replacing an envoy whom Kwantung officers considered much "too moderate."

3. War-lords of the autonomous Hopei-Chahar Provinces threatened to reduce by 75 per cent. all customs duties, thus slicing \$40,000,000 a year in revenues from the Nanking Government, and easing the way for a greater flood of Japanese imports.

4. Six high Mongol officials were arrested for "conspiring with the Soviet Communists against Japan," and were trundled off to Hsinking, Manchukuoan capital, for court martial.

Folded Hands—Wise Chinese folded their hands in their sleeves and speculated on what these latest maneuvers meant.

Step No. 1 was seen as a slap to Japan's powerful Asiatic neighbor, Soviet Russia, which, only last month, made public a similar pact with Outer Mongolia, thus blocking the Kwantung's western quest.

Steps 2 and 3 were intended, by the threat

of bankruptcy and diplomatic pressure, to bring Premier Chiang Kai-shek, China's lean, moody generalissimo, back to a more friendly regard for Japan.

Moscow Jeers—At Step No. 4 *Izvestia*, official Soviet organ, jeered:

"The Kwantung, while informing the world about the ingratitude of the Mongolians, represents the Soviet Union as the force which spoiled these 'devoted and liberated' Manchurians. It is a repetition of the old fairy-tale."

"Nothing Happens in Spain"

Bagaria's deft cartoons in the Republican *Sol*, Madrid's most dependable newspaper, invariably summarize yesterday's headlines with bitter accuracy. One headed *Tranquilidad* ("Tranquillity") depicts two old Spaniards yawning at each other and saying:

"Well, nothing much seems to be happening. . . ."

"No. And there's going to be another Government. . . ."

"Yes, that's just what I said! Nothing happening. . . ."

Spain now is in a state of alarm (modified martial law), but that drastic rule will be lifted temporarily on April 26 for the choice of electors to pick the second President of the Second Spanish Republic. There will be plenty of court-plaster taping battered olive faces when the volatile electorate votes.

Bullets, as well as ballots, will be in evidence. There will be squads of drab-clad Civil Guardsmen with pistols and carbines handy. Latins are turbulent in taking their dose of democracy.

Even in fiestas celebrating the Second Republic's fifth birthday last week, there were five killed, and many heads were cracked by police-clubs. Cleavage between Left and Right, born in the split between Federalists and Conservative Republicans in the red days of the First Republic (1873-1875), grows wider with each election.

Best Brains—Yet, there are foreign commentators who aver that the Spanish Republic is a going concern. The nation's best brains are on the job, and are determined to show that they can do better than any king.

The Republic's leaders point to their horizontal tricolor of red, gold, and purple. The first two colors are for the ousted monarchy, the purple dates back to sixteenth-century Castilian rebels. They want to keep that purple stripe, even tho it stands for rebellion.

Hence, when the National Confederation of Labor, the General Union of Workers, and the militant Syndicalists staged a twenty-four-hour strike in Madrid last weekend, the interim Government acted swiftly.

Civil Guardsmen, rifles asling, tramped into the main square, Puerto del Sol, over paving carpeted white with ripped copies of the Monarchist *A.B.C.* Strikers picketed shops, yelled imprecations against "Fascist provocators," but, in Madrid clubs, bearded old gentlemen still would say:

"Yes, that's just what I said: Nothing happening. . . ."

A "Stalin II" Among Russian Youth

Kosarev, Leader of Comsomols, Idol of 80,000,000 in Soviets



Sovfoto

Fully trained in aerochemical defense, she is typical of thousands of Soviet girls

To Russians young Alexander Kosarev is "the Stalin of Soviet Youth." Some predict that he will one day step into the dictator's shoes.

The fact that 46 per cent. of Russia's 173,000,000 people (according to Kosarev's own figures) were born since the 1917 Bolshevik Revolution may account for his popularity. This would give him about 80,000,000 admirers under twenty.

Seven years ago, an obscure youth of twenty-one, teeming with unorthodox Communist ideas, he became head of the Comsomols (Young Communist League). Since then he has jumped its membership from two to five and a half millions, making it an organization second in political power only to its parent, the Communist Party.

During the First Five Year Plan he organized Russian youth of "Harold Teen" age into "shock troopers" and sent them out over the vast Soviet plains to jack up lagging industrial production. Five thousand of them penetrated the Arctic and labored to make it habitable. Twenty thousand more helped build mills and foundries in the Urals.

Highest Sky—Others experimented with gliders and set records for parachute jumping. Nina Kameneva broke a world's record by fluttering nearly 30,000 feet from the icy top of what Soviet youth instantly called "the highest sky in the world." They raised pigs on collective farms, sped train service, strung telephone wires, erected radio-towers, built Russia's great water-power dams.

In the virgin forest of Siberia, on the powerful Amur River separating Russia from China, they built in three years a complete new city, called Comsomolsk.

Three years ago Kosarev suddenly mounted a rostrum and demanded for his Comsomols jazz music, dance-halls, "nice clothes," poetry clubs, and "innocent flirting." This proved a bombshell in a country where a marcel or a fox-trot had previously been considered "*bourgeois* luxuries."

Humanization—Undeterred by criticism, young Kosarev continued his program of cleaning up and humanizing Soviet youth. A lover of sports and "healthy amusements," he was no believer in moral laxity.

He condemned smoking, drinking, and "one-week marriages." He declared long hair and sloppy attire tabu. Under penalty of expulsion, he made his Comsomols respect such ancient "*bourgeois*" virtues as good manners, honor for parents, and self-discipline.

Last week young Kosarev donned his neatest blue serge, brushed his sandy-colored hair, and marched into the barbaric throne-room of the Kremlin, where once Ivan the Terrible sat in state. Here, speaking before the 1,000 delegates to the Tenth Comsomol Congress, he said:

"Let the Soviet youth march along the road of life with a song on his lips, but let him not forget to carry a rifle—or his hands know how to use it."

Rattling Figures—Then he rattled off a row of figures that warmed the hearts of Joseph Stalin and Defense Commissar Klementi Voroshilov, both seated on the dais, with a comely prize-winning Comsomol sugar-beet grower between them.

A million and a quarter Comsomols have qualified as good rifle marksmen, 28,000 as crack snipers; 20,000 as parachute jumpers; 44,000 as glider pilots; 345,000 as "aerochemical defense" corps; 3,500 a year as air-plane pilots, soon to be stepped up to 8,000 a year.

Virtually all boys and girls alike, are

trained during the Comsomol ages of fifteen to twenty-three in strict military units. Besides rowing, swimming, running, skiing, and first aid, each unit must specialize in some form of war activity. Reward consists of a big red badge with a bronze button: "Ready for Labor and Defense."

"Land of Youth"—Other figures reeled off in Comrade Kosarev's calm, business-like voice, gave weight to his boast that "Russia is the land of youth":

One-third of all Soviet workers are under twenty-three years of age. Forty-three per cent. of these are girls who, among other things, run tractors, locomotives, lathes, subway-trains, and dynamos.

In municipal Soviet Councils throughout the nation sit 381,000 Comsomol politicians, all under twenty-five. University students jumped in five years from 190,000 to half a million. From the Comsomols have been graduated, in the same period, 300,000 engineers, technicians, agronomists, and teachers.

Swelled by Comsomols, the Red Army will soon number 1,300,000 soldiers.

Proudly, as moral achievements, young Kosarev relayed the information that half of Russia's young workers and 98 per cent. of the women do not smoke; Comsomols have abandoned the ancient custom of nude bathing in favor of bathing-suits; new Army recruits average two pounds heavier, are taller and bigger in chest measurement than the class of 1927; early marriages had fallen off.

Ruminating on the Congress, Harold Denny, Moscow Correspondent, cabled the *New York Times*:

"The delegates who have been gathering here in the past few days from every corner of the Soviet Union—from every one of its six Republics—are a picturesque, smiling group.

"In the costumes of many races, speaking many tongues, they assembled.

"They have been reared in an environment into which hardly an idea except the Soviet idea has penetrated, and they are zealots. They believe the world is theirs."



Sovfoto

Practise: One of the youngest of the thousands of Voroshilov's marksmen in Soviet Russia

Fighting Breakdowns in Marriage

Trained Experts Arise to Stress Rules Tending to Insure Happiness



Keystone

One theory of how to get married and stay married is advanced by the Brides' School in New York, which believes that one way to a man's heart is through his stomach

How to stay happily married is no longer a vague subject raised at almost every bachelor's dinner and bride-elect's shower. Anxious to effect this state of storied bliss, psychologists, clergymen, educators, jurists, and social service experts everywhere grasp at a solution.

To seek it, marriage consultation centers have sprung up in all parts of the world. Germany and Austria, advanced in such social experiments, alone have thousands. America has its quota, too, a number in New York.

Lately, premarital instruction classes have been established in various American universities and colleges.

A New Agency—But last week it became known that the nation had produced a new agency for the promotion of marital bliss—a Brides' School, details of which are given in the May number of *The American Magazine*.

Graduating its first class of brides, this school is conducted by Mrs. Richard Mather Boardman, who established it in her own uptown New York home last fall.

Started as an organization for the training of domestics, the school branched into bridal instruction when it found employers needed advice in handling servant graduates.

The course lasts three months and includes budgeting, dietetics, menus, shopping, decoration, and almost everything else pertaining to the home except scrubbing the kitchen sink.

Students are enrolled from as far away as Oregon.

The new school is described by a Washington bride of a New York newspaper man,

Mary Ganey, a graduate, who skipped back to her Greenwich Village flat to: "roast chicken, and to fry, bake, and boil it; to prepare it à la Cadillac, à la king, à la McDonald, à la Marengo, à la Providence, and à la Stanley; to use it in salads, in cakes, in sandwiches, in patties, in soups, in curry, and in custard; to fricassee it, to filet it, and to garnish it."

The very thought of such gastronomic skill suggested to June brides preparing trousseaux external peace and contentment in any home for man and wife.

What Science Knows—Science knows, however, that it helps, but that it is not all; that the way to a man's heart is not altogether through his stomach, but through a deep, practical knowledge of the man himself.

This becomes all the more true as, year after year, clinical information piles up in the wake of thousands of divorces. In 1929 divorces in the United States had jumped to 201,000 from 10,000 in 1867.

In 1870 there was one divorce to every thirty-three to thirty-four marriages; in 1934 there was one to every five or six marriages.

Court records show that marriage has broken down generally because of one of four causes:

1. Young people are often unsuited to each other and should not have married.

2. Biological, psychological, ethical, or economic foundations on which married life rest are not corrected as they often could be.

3. Young people can not cope with the problems brought through marriage and the family life.

4. The married couple lacks during early

and critical years the counsel and guidance of experienced men and women.

A survey of the New York field produced the fact that 36 per cent. of divorces are applied for during the first four years of marriage.

Divorce Problem—The very multiplicity—as well as publicity—of divorces has made them easier, which merely adds to the problem of educators and scientists.

In consequence, the United States has the highest divorce rate of the countries for which statistics are available, with the possible exception of Soviet Russia. But where Russia formerly encouraged marital splits, it is tightening up to-day and throwing safeguards around the home.

Leading authorities on marriage and divorce have developed lively opinions on problems which beset every bride and bridegroom walking down the middle aisle to bliss or wo.

Of these, perhaps none has given more study to the practicalities of the question than Ben B. Lindsey, eminent jurist. Judge Lindsey founded the Juvenile Court system, was twenty-seven years Judge of Denver's far-famed Juvenile Court, and was two years ago elected Superior Court Judge of Los Angeles County by the largest vote ever given a candidate for that Court in California's history.

Last week Judge Lindsey earnestly urged compulsory education for marriage and parenthood, legislation which he has advocated for twenty-five years.

"With a decrease of happy marriages and an increase in divorce," Judge Lindsey telegraphed *THE LITERARY DIGEST*, "that proposal is being taken more seriously now."

"With compulsory education for marriage and parenthood there will be more assurance for the happiness and permanency of marriage with children even until death do them part."

"I agree with Havelock Ellis: 'All life is a discipline and all living an art. If we attempt to escape either in marriage it is at our peril. Success in marriage demands, only in a higher degree, all the skill required for any success in life.'"

Combination of Factors—Dr. Leland Foster Wood, secretary of the Committee on Marriage and the Home of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, lists this combination of factors in a successful marriage; the proper use of sex, continuation of courtship after marriage and continued observance of the niceties of manner and deportment which first attracted the young people to each other.

They should, he enjoins, keep in touch with each other in a somewhat literal sense.

It is of vital importance, says Doctor Wood, that the attractiveness which first won the attention and approval of the mate should be guarded and enhanced.

Dr. Marie E. Kopp, noted authority on maternal and family welfare, bids young couples to exercise self-control, have a sense of responsibility and be able to adjust themselves to the intimacies of married life.

After the first year the wife should

be clever enough to build up a substitute for sex attraction.

Mutual interests, cultural, intellectual, esthetic, or what-not, must bind them together in the days when the crow's-feet come and the bloom of youth is gone. Single herself, Doctor Kopp, remembers the gentle habits of her father in building up the home.

"Organic Affinity"—Dr. Jacob L. Moreno, of New York, an eminent expert in sociometry, believes that married people are completely powerless to control the duration of love. They can cultivate love and by intelligent living prolong it indefinitely. Given a "basic organic affinity," both partners, he holds, must cooperate to help it grow and develop by finding new fields of joy and interest in each other.

Three rules for a happy married life laid down by Dr. Hannah Stone, who, with her husband, is a director of the Marriage Consultation Center at the Labor Temple and Community Church of New York, are:

1. Suitable selection, eugenically and physically.
2. Assurance of an adequate physical relationship.
3. Proper regard to child rearing. No lasting relationship can be based only on sex attraction.

Dr. Frankwood E. Williams, formerly director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene and now a private psychoanalyst in New York, says that the solution of the economic problem will not be the solution of every marital difficulty, but that it is the closest one can come to the establishment of some kind of marital panacea.

Call for Idealism—From his large experience as head of the Human Betterment Foundation in Los Angeles, Dr. Paul Popenoe advises that education for marriage should be begun with the child and suggests that needed technical information for young couples is now available in many good books as well as from more direct sources. As nothing succeeds like success, he believes that if young people build up an attitude of determined idealism, a feeling that marriage is the most important thing they will ever undertake, and that nothing short of a catastrophe will be allowed to interfere with its success, they are likely to make a success of it.

Judge Warren Hill, Presiding Judge of the New York Domestic Relations Court, does not believe that a successful marriage can be planned or patterned.

"It depends on the stuff inside the couple, on their background, their training and their character," he told *THE LITERARY DIGEST*.

When all is said and written, the mainstay of the home is the woman. It is her supreme work, says Dr. Christian F. Reiser, Pastor of Broadway Temple, New York.

He would urge marrying while young. He sees danger of becoming too set in habits.

And Dr. Arthur S. Lloyd, suffragan Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of New York, echoes: "It is her primary consideration."

Exit Yoshiwara in Land of Rising Sun

Japan to Abolish Segregated Districts in Blow at Evils Centuries Old



By Burton Holmes. From Ewing Galloway

Types of Japanese dancing girls, the subject of investigations by the Salvation Army and the Women's Christian Temperance Union, who wish to "free" them

For centuries hunger-hounded, debt-be-deviled Japanese peasants, listening to the blandishments of overeager money-lenders, have "loaned" their unwanted daughters to organized vice as security for a few yen—seldom more than \$100, often as little as \$25. The average "loan" ran three years.

But in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it turned out to be permanent, Bunji Omura writes in *Asia*. For, having taken the first hurdle with ease, never-solvent fathers found it easy to borrow a second time. And a third.

Now, after 318 years, Japan is on the point of officially abolishing licensed prostitution, at present legalized on a local option basis. This means that some 50,000 *shogi* (segregated women) will become *geisha* (entertainers), *jokyu* (waitresses), or *shakufu* (barmaids). Since *geisha*, *jokyu*, and *shakufu* also are lumped in the same social discard, the total figure for those classed as engaged in vice may be little changed. That total is 300,000, out of a mainland population of 50,000,000.

As in the Western World, segregation came, not as an evil, but as a "cure" for an evil. In medieval Japan women were confined to their own quarters. The normal stimulation of mixed society was entirely lacking. Poverty was the rule rather than the exception. Girl babies were too numerous in the primitive, purely agrarian economic structure.

Slaves of Many Masters—So traffickers in vice bought them up for a song. Or, if that failed, "adopted" them. Frequently, when they encountered parents with a rare streak of conscience, they kidnaped the girls, who became the slaves of one or many masters, were whisked from place to place, fed no more than would keep them alive, periodically beaten.

To put a stop to such practices, Shoji Jinzayemon, first of the enlightened rulers of Japan, set aside twelve acres in the

swampy environs of Tokyo in 1618. It was called *yoshiwara*, literally "reed-field." Today the five other restricted districts in the capital, the scores over the country, are known as *yoshiwara*.

Jinzayemon hoped to banish the worst evils by regulation. He set up a system of medical inspection, forced the operators of his new district to boycott kidnapers and adopters. Heeding the complaint of employers that their apprentices were squandering meager wages on women, he ordained that no guest was to stay in the *yoshiwara* more than a night and a day.

But Jinzayemon had another reason. The victorious *Tokugawa* clan was being undermined by the intrigues of the defeated *samurai*. Girls and matrons of the *yoshiwara* would make capital counter-spies.

The political touch raised the *yoshiwara* on the social ladder. Soon the original in Tokyo became the center of the nation's life. Its guest-books were eloquent of the political, social, and economic changes that went on through the centuries.

Riches for Some Girls—At first its frequenters were the upper classes of the *samurai*, waxed fat with peace, their armor and swords rusting in little-used homes. And as their clientele grew in social stature, the girls became richer and more fashionable. The old rule of simplicity was abandoned. Buildings were gorgeously decorated. Cotton garments gave way to silk. Hair-dress became a complicated matter of gold and silver ornaments.

Inevitably, ladies thus favored acquired the manners, names, and titles of personages in ancient court life, plucked from the pages of "Tales of the Genji." Each was attended by many male and female servants. The wisest exercised almost tyrannical control over feudal war-lords and political bigwigs.

The country was scoured for its most beautiful girls. Many voluntarily sought

admission in order to have the distinction of popularity with prominent people.

Still other demands were placed upon the girls, for those of the *samurai* who did not go completely to pot sought occupation and pleasure in the arts, and in literature. The life of the *yoshiwara shogi* became inextricably intertwined with the writing and painting of the time.

Whole plays were written about the *yoshiwara*. Chikamatsu Monzayemon, one of the greatest playwrights of the day, launched the vogue with the oft-told tale of the double suicide of the courtesan and her lover. Like Goethe's "Werther," it incited many who saw or read it to follow suit.

In art, too, the *shogi* cast her lissom shadow, when some of the most celebrated of Japan's earlier artists drew heavily on the *yoshiwara*.

All earlier works faithfully depicted the Japanese woman as she is: short and squat, with not very prominent features. Dutch merchants, the only foreigners permitted to enter Japan through the port of Nagasaki, preferred their women slender, and with decided facial characteristics. Artists complied with their requests, evolving the more modern school of portrait painting.

Morale Lowered—Eventually, however, the "Golden Era" of the *yoshiwara* passed. When Japan turned to shipping and manufacture merchant princes supplanted the *samurai* warriors as favorites, since they had the money.

So great is the greed of the operators that girls "loaned" for, say three years, often are traded to another house in another district at the end of one, so that their families can not trace them or rescue them, even when the terms of the "mortgage" are satisfied.

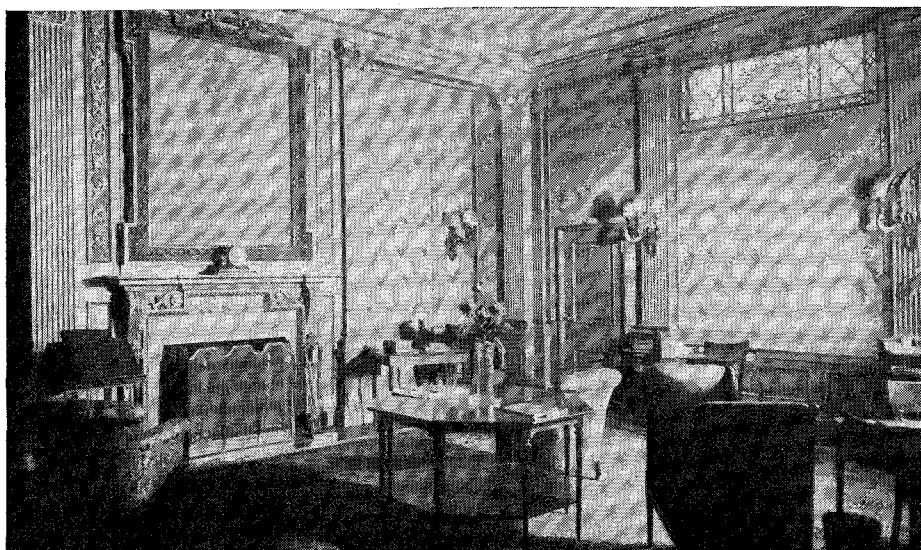
Earthquake Horror—During the 1923 earthquake and fire the gates of the *yoshiwara* in Tokyo were locked to prevent escape during the confusion. Three thousand girls huddled screaming in a tiny pond in the enclosure. The pond soon became a boiling caldron. More than two thousand died in it.

Against these more and more untenable evils the Salvation Army, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and many American church missionary organizations began their crusade as long ago as the '70s. Their labors have not been in vain. For they have succeeded in inducing many cities, even some of the prefectures of Tokyo, to banish commercialized vice. They succeeded in 1900 in establishing the legal precedent that a girl might leave the *yoshiwara* whenever she wished, regardless of whether her parents' debt had been paid. In 1926 Mme. Kajiko Yajima formed a national federation of women, sponsored by the W. C. T. U., to which much of the credit will be due when Japan, now thoroughly aroused, takes the final step against the *yoshiwara*.

Until then, the best hope of these 300,000 victims of a half-billion-dollar yearly business is to be bought out of slavery by those few of the 400 million annual "visitors" who form lasting attachments for them.

Bread-Winning Wives Called Unfair

Woman Wonders Whether Sisters Are Good "Sports" on Expenses



Courtesy The Fifth Avenue Bank of New York

All the comforts of home: Not a living-room, this section of a bank, typical of many others like it, is set aside for business transactions by women patrons

Before the turn of the century woman's place was in the home and man's place was to take care of her.

Few women earned wages and wives' nightly filching of husbands' pocket-books was a stock joke on the vaudeville stage.

By 1900 the American woman had educated her amiable mate to the idea of a financial partnership. Working fast, she soon turned this into a controlling interest.

What happened after that is the story of modern America: woman's going to work. To-day, one-fourth of her sex, holding down one-fourth of all jobs, receives wages. One wife in six earns something.

At work, woman got into real money.

She accounts to-day for almost half of our homes and farms; half of the savings accounts; four-fifths of all inheritances; four-fifths of all life-insurance benefits; three-sixths of the stockholders in fifty-three major firms, and nearly two-fifths of all national income.

Equality and Superiority—Equality she has, and often superiority, but she has forgotten the very law of home partnership she laid down to her man a quarter of a century or so ago, according to Marian Castle in the April issue of *Harper's Magazine*.

In private life Mrs. Carrick Castle, of Denver, Colorado, this writer taught school at sixteen and worked her way through the University of Chicago, class of 1920, as a Chautauqua lecturer. Daughter of a Presbyterian minister, she has been married twelve years, and calls herself a "housewife who can't keep away from writing."

In cold fact, Mrs. Castle says, *Mrs. Modern America* is not playing the game.

"The time has come to admit that if we are to share the male thrill of earning we shall have to share the male drudgery of paying the bills.

"When only husbands owned and earned, we insisted upon complete financial part-

nership. Now that we have become owners and earners too a great many of us seem to have forgotten all that partnership talk.

"What our husbands earn is still, in most cases, 'ours'; what we earn is 'mine.'"

Call for Partnership—Mrs. Castle's complaint is that the modern woman declines to acknowledge that two earners in a family ought to mean two providers. The average husband, she insists, deserves the same financial partnership he extended to her.

The part-time feminine wage-earner—the economic *dilettante*—draws special strictures. The fact is, the writer finds, that the less a wife earns the more unsportsmanlike the wife seems to be. Most muddled in their reasoning in this respect are, she points out, the cake-bakers, holiday-card designers, bridge-lesson givers.

Instead of putting this pin-money in the family pot this type buys herself a coveted etching or necklace.

Question of "Cheating"—"She does not intend to cheat, but she does," Mrs. Castle adds. Proving her point, she shows that this woman's claim to partnership in her husband's earnings rests upon the assumption that she maintains a home for him. What happens is that for three months out of the year, during her part-time work—he has had no home.

And there is the woman whose husband has doubled her fortune "merely for his board and keep," whom she castigates as a "Victorian gold-digger."

There is the woman who, despite an income double that of her husband, welches on bill-day. "His third of their joint income buys all the bread for both, while her two-thirds goes only for the pastries."

In a nutshell:

"We American wives have made a cult of good sportsmanship. But in the handling of our own money we might well be called the unfair sex."

"Star Reporter" Surveying the Stars

Astronomer in \$6,000,000 Wager on Extending Vision 27 Times

Dr. George Ellery Hale, slight, white-haired, publicity-shy Pasadena, California, astronomer, has spent his whole life gambling with telescopes.

At sixteen he made a stellar spy-glass and turned the roof-top of his father's house in Chicago into an observatory to use it. At twenty-two he invented the spectroheliograph, which enabled him to photograph the flames that spout thousands of miles from the sun's surface.

In 1895, only twenty-seven, he managed the building of a forty-inch refracting telescope—still the world's biggest—and induced a Chicago street-car magnate, Charles T. Yerkes, to build an observatory for it—the famed Yerkes Observatory, at Williams Bay, Wisconsin, a part of the University of Chicago.

Eight years later he astounded the nation's astrophysicists by building a sixty-inch reflecting telescope for the observatory he established for the Carnegie Institution at Mount Wilson, near Pasadena.

Starry Gambling Table—Finally, on the starry gambling table he tossed a 100-inch reflecting telescope at Mount Wilson, which cost \$600,000 and is still the world's largest reflector.

Last week, at sixty-seven, Doctor Hale, virtually in retirement as Director Emeritus of Mount Wilson, was making the most remarkable telescopic gamble of his career—a \$6,000,000 wager that human ingenuity can surmount mechanical problems never before met.

As part of this spin of fortune's wheel, one of the oddest-looking trains ever beheld moved cautiously out of Corning, New York, one day early last month.

Dubbed the "Telescope Limited" by sweating trainmen, it chugged westward to Pasadena—a single loaded flat car with locomotive and caboose.

Enormous Cake—Upright in a cradle sunk in the car, especially built, was an enormous cake of transparent glass. Large, flat sheets of steel and steel beams strong enough for a railroad bridge pier buttressed its cork- and felt-lined, sleek sides.

Looking like a giant slice of pineapple, this fragile cargo was in point of fact the largest solid piece of blue-white glass ever cast. It weighed twenty tons and measured 200 inches—nearly seventeen feet—in diameter, and twenty-six inches in thickness.

Ground, polished, and mounted on a Gargantuan balancing contraption as grotesque as any of the mechanical fantasies of H. G. Wells's "The Shape of Things to Come," this disc will be set up atop Mount Palomar, a small, rounded peak eighty miles northeast of San Diego, California. It will be the world's largest and most powerful telescope.

There, four years hence—if the instrument works—a man no bigger by comparison than a fly, ensconced in a bullet-shaped cage, will ride this telescope across the star-spangled night, catching the dancing astronomical images on photographic plates.

It will be a "star reporter" among the

stars, a million times more powerful a light gatherer than the human eye. Able to pierce space more than 1,200,000 light years, it will increase twenty-seven times the volume of the universe observable in the 100-inch glass at Mount Wilson. Swimming into focus will come 2,000,000,000 nebulae, against a mere 75,000,000 visible now.

Envisioning such astronomical fancies on paper eight years ago, Doctor Hale induced the International Education Board, financed largely by John D. Rockefeller, Sr., to build such a telescope for the California Institute of Technology, also at Pasadena. A fund of \$6,000,000 was made available for an observatory at Palomar Mountain to house the new Titan.

Unbounded as his faith was in its possibilities, Doctor Hale was fully aware that because of its great size and the sensitiveness of auxiliary instruments, there was no certitude that the telescope would ever be practical.

Last Gamble of Skies—Nevertheless, last week Doctor Hale's *chef-d'œuvre* was being prepared for his last gamble of the skies in the Brobdingnagian optical shops of the Pasadena Institute.

The first step in this process is a grinding and polishing operation so delicate in nature that toward the end work can be done only fifteen minutes a day. The object is to cut a shallow, saucer-like cavity in the disc's reflecting face, achieving a parabolic surface within a millionth of an inch of true-ness. This requires the use of a special grinding machine which operates in a chamber that is temperature-controlled to prevent heat-changes in the shape of the glass.

After three years of such exacting labor, the glass gets a thin coat of aluminum to make the mirror. This will be the real reflecting surface. Contrary to popular notion, the glass is not a lens.

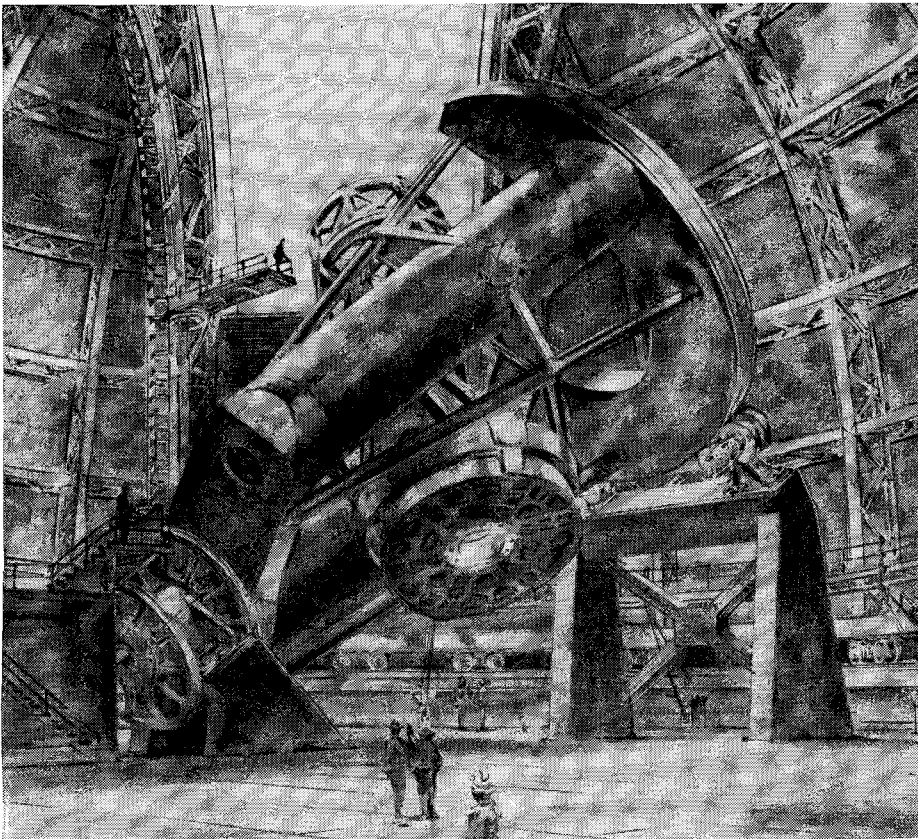
Telescopes are refracting and reflecting in type. The former transmits the rays to a focus through a combination of lenses called the objective glass; the latter brings them to a focus by reflection from a concave mirror. The Mount Palomar telescope is to be a reflector. It is not intended to "see" through, but will serve as a giant camera.

Mounting the finished glass now becomes a task which may defy the most ingenious efforts of the men juggling this colossus into position 6,000 feet above the sun-baked fields of California.

While the mounting will be different from that of any other large telescope, the principle is the same. A design which meets all practical requirements on paper (see drawing) calls for a telescope tube of stiff, openwork metal twenty feet in diameter and sixty feet long.

The tube, bearing the mirror, which rests in a bed of steel weighing twenty tons, will be pivoted between two massive metal arms. These slope upward toward the north, parallel with the axis of the earth.

On its pivot the tube swings its metal snout north or south, sweeping the skies from horizon to horizon longitudinally. It follows the stars across the heavens from east to west on bearings at either end of the



Drawing by R. W. Porter. Courtesy Scientific American

Artist's sketch of the new 200-inch telescope as it will look when completed

parallel bars, which constitute the "polar axis."

A single massive main bearing carries the weight at the lower, or south, end of the polar axis. At the north end the parallel arms end in a sickle-shaped plate resting on rollers. The main bearings and rollers must be made so meticulously exact that their action will involve no friction, jerking, or irregularity.

How they can be made to work so smoothly is an engineering problem yet to be solved. In the 100-inch telescope at Mount Wilson, the bearings are troughs of mercury, in which the ends of the mighty polar axis float. An idea of the problem is gained from the fact that the moving part of Palomar's telescope will weigh a total of 425 tons, dwarfing the 250-ton bulk of a freight locomotive.

Snarer of Light Rays—The telescope is merely a light-funnel snaring many rays of light and focusing them to a tiny point.

In the case of the Palomar reflecting glass, parallel rays hit the mirrored saucer and bounce back fifty-five feet to a focus.

"Imagine yourself on a merry-go-round, looking through a spy-glass at a house away off in the distance," explains a bulletin issued by The National Geographic Society.

"In order to keep the house in the field of vision, you would have to move the big end of the glass backward as you traveled forward. The earth is the merry-go-round and the star is the house in the distance.

"Imagine swinging a huge instrument sixty-four feet long and weighing, with its movable parts, twenty-two tons, through the air with such nicety of poise that the spider thread in the eyepiece, which is 1/6,000 of an inch in diameter, is kept constantly cutting in two a star-image that is 1/2,500 of an inch in diameter."

Any one would think that, once installed, Doctor Hale's wager had been won. Far from it. Now the risk really begins. As perfect as his instrument might be at this juncture he must face an atmospheric condition which is as much of a Nemesis to star-gazers as static is to radio dialers.

Rippling Heat Waves—Filtering through the night light are rippling waves caused by heat differences in the atmosphere. They are unpredictable and, the larger the telescope, the more these air ripples affect it.

In small telescopes, with apertures smaller than the waves, the only effect is to make the star-images dance and squirm. But in big telescopes, where the ripples are smaller than the diameter of the mirror, the images may be broken up so badly that the stars look like the diffuse gleam of shiny pebbles seen through the water of a wind-blown lake.

Doctor Hale is hopeful that man's ingenuity may overcome all of these difficulties. He believes the gamble is worth the price of success.

With a sweep of his arm symbolical of the unknown which he wants to explore, he said:

"The volume of space opened for investigation may prove to be fully fifty times as great as that partially explored in 1928."

Taking the Palm in Tagging Babies

Doctor Evolves System of Preventing Mixups of the Newly-Born



Wide World

Footprinting—one of the most widely used methods of identifying new-born babies

In the long search for a mixup-proof means of identifying new-born babies, Dr. Gilbert Palmer Pond, of Oak Park, Illinois, takes the palm.

Literally, he takes the palms of all the babies born in his West Suburban Hospital, and prints them firmly on a card with their rightful mothers' ordinary finger-prints. In the April *Illinois Medical Journal* he reports that this simple system, which he worked out with Dr. Louis F. Alrutz in 1932, removes virtually the last element of chance.

Amusing to outsiders, tragic for mothers and fathers, lack of absolute certainty in the identification of babies has been amazingly common. Many were the cases recorded where not only the parents, but the children involved as well, were never able to eliminate torturing doubts with the passing of years.

Futile Methods—Hospitals began to encircle the babies' necks or wrists with identification tags on tiny chains or ribbons. Then came foot-printing. The Shore Road Hospital, Brooklyn, New York, went so far as to suggest "branding" new-born babies temporarily with ultraviolet rays.

None of these precautions, Doctor Pond points out, is 100 per cent. accident-proof.

So he made thousands of prints, read volumes on finger-printing classification, and interviewed police experts in the art. The result was his new system—palm-printing—which his nurses find simple and effective.

But Doctor Pond sees in his discovery more than the means of eliminating confusion in maternity hospitals. He believes that every baby born an American should

be palm-printed, so that the record would be available for later reference.

For he is an ardent advocate of a national classification system. He cites the value of such a system in identifying victims of disasters, persons who have lost their memory, and kidnaped children.

Doctor Pond believes the palm-prints would be as acceptable to the courts as finger-prints, and, from the individual's point of view, would be free from the odium attached to criminal identification.

The entire population of the United States, he says, could be identified thus within the span of a single generation.

Methods of classifying finger-prints now in use permit classification of only about 160,000,000 individuals, according to his figures. If every American were finger-printed, the system probably would have to be revised to enlarge the number of possible classifications.

But even a simple classification of palm-prints, because there are more patterns in the hand, admits of classifying 300,000,000.

Theatricals Boon to Insane

Mental patients in Worcester (Mass.) State Hospital are encouraged to find emotional outlets by making ardent love, by banging their fists angrily on tables, by playing the adventurous heroes of their own roseate dreams.

On a real stage in a real theater in Sargent Hall, these prisoners of unreality find some escape in acting rôles suited to their peculiar mental needs. The results, Dr. William A. Bryant, Superintendent of the hospital, told *Science Service*, have been encouraging.

Doctors, closely watching the experiment, believe that, by taking part in the world of make-believe, the patient can be drawn gradually out of the shadows. They point out that, before the footlights, he is "thrown completely on his own"; that he thus rises above the mass feeling of futility, and that much of his lost confidence can be restored.

Liability to Insanity—Meanwhile, from another quarter comes news that bachelors are three times as likely to fall victims to mental disease as married men.

Dr. James Page and Dr. Carney Landis, of the New York Psychiatric Institute, publishing the results of a study they had made on the relation of marriage to insanity, disclosed that divorced men are even easier prey than bachelors.

The figures they give for admissions to mental hospitals are: For every married man, two widowers, three single men, and four and one-half divorced men. For women, one married woman to two single women, three divorced women and one and one-fourth widows.

This does not mean that marriage is a form of preventive treatment for mental disease, Doctors Page and Landis hasten to warn. The wedding ceremony is no vaccine.

Broun Still "Shooting the Works"

Gets New "Wound-Stripe" on Newspaper Picket-Line in Milwaukee



Wide World

Heywood Broun (left), crusading columnist, with antiwar mandate in Washington

Heywood Broun, great Dane of the newspaper columnists, once again is in the thick of a dog-fight.

Lumbering over the Alleghenies to Milwaukee early this month, in full cry against William Randolph Hearst and his *Wisconsin News*, Broun plunged light-heartedly into the midst of a strike of the editorial employees of *The News*. Arriving on the picket-line during a brush between strikers and alleged strike-breakers, he went into action. Strikers to right and left of him were arrested. Ignored, he expostulated: "I demand to be arrested too." Police obliged.

Last week in District Court he was fined \$10. Again he protested. Not enough. Obliging the judge raised the ante to \$15.01. Broun beamed. The \$15.01 gave him the right to appeal. And that was precisely what the crusading President of the American Newspaper Guild wanted to do.

A huge (6 foot 3), sprawling, ungainly figure of a man, Broun rumbles his sulfuric sentiments in a pseudo-Arkansas drawl that belies his Brooklyn birth (December 7, 1888). His unpresed garments hang upon his mountainous frame as if they had been thrown at him. His tie is usually awry, his hair tousled. He calls himself lazy, and looks it.

Stumped by French—But Heywood Broun is not lazy. At Horace Mann School, New York, he was prominent in football and basketball, edited the school paper. At Harvard, where elementary French threw him again and again, preventing his being graduated after the requisite four years, he continued to be active. After that he became a newspaper man.

In 1930 he ran for Congress as a Socialist

in the 17th ("Silk Stocking") District, New York, wept when he heard that Mrs. Ruth Pratt, Republican, had beaten him soundly. Two years later he tried for the Board of Aldermen, took another licking.

Once he served as assistant press-agent for a fake Chinese prince. For awhile he was a lecturer on modern drama at Columbia. For years he has daubed pigment on canvas, threatened to go abroad to study painting. On the stage he appeared as a monologist. Later he organized, cast, and played in a musical show, "Shoot the Works," which ran eleven weeks in New York, cleared \$60,000.

"Shoot the Works" might well be his motto. In 1928 he waxed indignant in his column in the *New York World* over the Sacco-Vanzetti case. When *The World* called a halt after two articles Broun "shot the works," lost a job at that time badly needed, wound up a year later on the *New York Telegram*, taking 11,000 subscribers with him.

Wound-Striped—Loaded with the wound-stripes of many a battle in New York, Newark, Staten Island, and elsewhere, he is determined to see "his boys" through to victory in the Milwaukee clash for a minimum wage, shorter hours, adequate dismissal notice, and the right to bargain collectively with the publisher.

Broun is a confirmed hypochondriac. His collection of doctors is as fine a one as has ever been gathered by a discerning connoisseur of aches and pains.

His looks never trouble him. Once when, as a war-correspondent in France, he was introduced to General Pershing at Chaumont, the immaculate Commander-in-Chief gasped:

"My dear Mr. Broun—have you had a serious fall?"

The Army's McCoy

From the Philippines to Puerto Rico a square-jawed general officer with keen blue eyes is the Army's "McCoy." On April 30, the Army's prize plum will be his when he steps onto the pier at Governors Island in New York Harbor.

Field-guns will crash out thirteen rounds and Maj. Gen. Frank Ross McCoy, D.S.M., will succeed Maj. Gen. Dennis E. Nolan, D.S.C., D.S.M., who will retire as commander of the First Army and of the Second Corps Area.

General McCoy might have climbed even higher, to the four-starred shoulder-straps of General and Chief of Staff, but he was in Scotland shooting grouse when the Army's top-notch billet was vacated.

Scorns Military Politics—It was typical of him not to be in Washington, D. C., when commands were being shifted. He doesn't play military politics, or go out of his way to seek promotion.

Yet, many a big job has come his way

since Maj. Gen. James G. Harbord, A.E.F. Chief of Staff, commended General McCoy's "unvarying efficiency." General Harbord took him on his American Military Mission to Armenia after the World War.

That established General McCoy as an ace trouble-shooter when astute diplomacy was wanted. This experience stood him in good stead in 1921, when he was a member of the Wood-Forbes Special Mission of Investigation to the Philippines. Later "The McCoy" was heading the Army's Bureau of Insular Affairs, looking after territorial rule.

More diplomatic trouble-shooting included directing a Nicaraguan election in 1927, chairmanship of a Bolivian-Paraguayan boundary-dispute commission the next year, and, in 1932, the job of military expert for the League of Nations commission investigating Japanese seizure of Manchuria.

Steel in Kid Glove—But, under the kid glove that diplomacy requires is a steel-sinewed hand. That hand first gripped a saber in the charge up San Juan Hill, in Cuba, in '98. Then he was a cavalry lieutenant a year out of West Point. A Spanish slug felled him.

Then came the Philippine campaigns against the fanatical Moros. The young American came back to America as aide to Presidents Roosevelt and Taft.

A year after America's entry into the World War, the cavalry major had become colonel commanding the 165th Infantry, better known as New York City's "Fighting Sixty-ninth" regiment of Irishmen, which fought with the Rainbow Division.

Beribboned Veteran—He came back to America with the ribbons of seven foreign decorations and two American medals.

First of all, "The McCoy" is a soldier. President Theodore Roosevelt told Edwin C. Hill that "Frank McCoy is the best soldier I ever laid eyes on."

Stand-pat politicians who fly in a red-necked rage whenever "T.R." is mentioned are inclined to agree with him about "The McCoy."

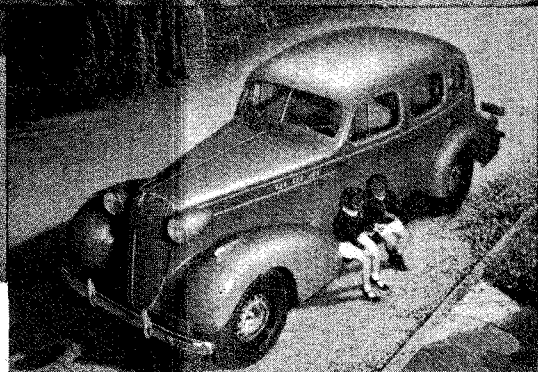


Wide World Studios

Chief of the Second Corps Area: Maj. Gen. Frank R. McCoy, the Army's ace diplomat



“Lookit! he’s got
a Turret Top too!”

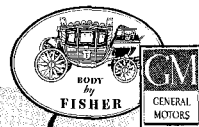


Safer . . . and More Beautiful!

“The big new car that has everything,” as Oldsmobile is so aptly known, has outward beauty of Body by Fisher repeated within through spacious interiors, faultlessly finished — the underfoot safety of hydraulic brakes matched overhead by “Turret Top”

These two young moderns have made a great discovery which we hope will not be lost on any fond parent who drives a car. Nature herself applies the same principle of protection you enjoy in the one-piece solid steel “Turret Top” Body by Fisher. Fisher chose these arched and crowned contours not only for beauty and grace but because they provide the greatest rigidity, the surest strength, the most dependable protection. Under this

guardian crown of steel, thanks to Fisher No Draft Ventilation, you ride in the deep comfort of a car that’s independent of the weather — always draft-free, yet ever amply supplied with fresh air in cold or hot weather. Body by Fisher alone is reason enough for making your next car one from the General Motors family.



THE MARK OF THE MODERN CAR

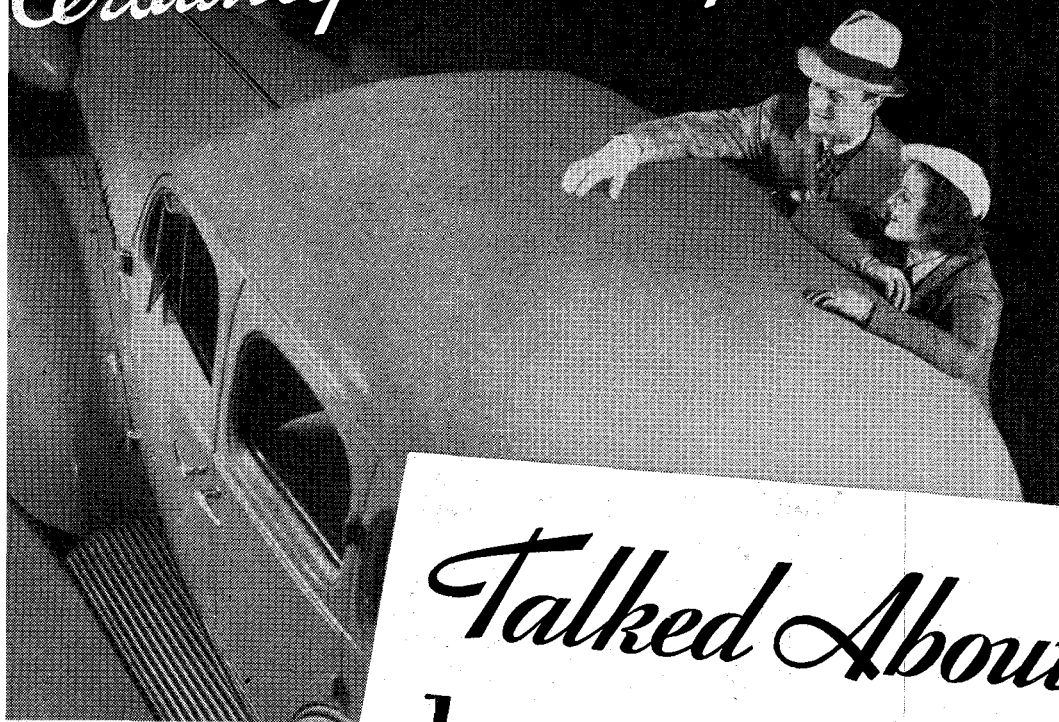
ONE-PIECE SOLID STEEL “TURRET TOP”^{*} BODY BY

ON GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY: CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK

LA SALLE • CADILLAC

fisher

"Certainly has Everything!"



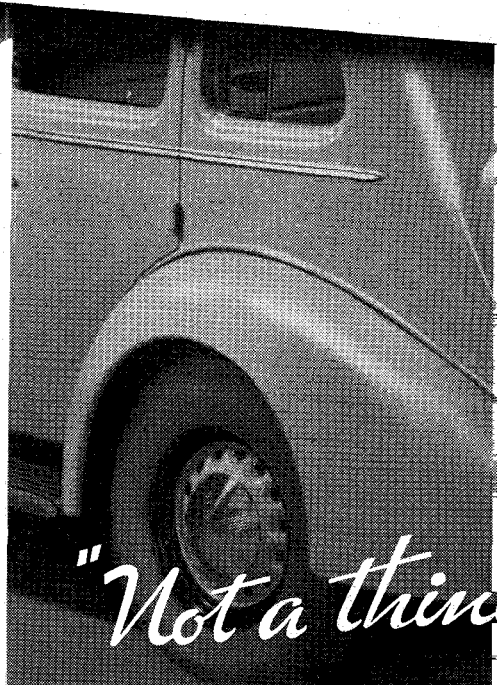
"Grand C



*Talked About Everywhere
because it has Everything*



"Rides like a Million!"



"Not a thing"

CONSIDER all that you get in Oldsmobile. A car smart in styling . . . with streamline design that established the modern trend. A car large in size . . . with big, roomy interiors and level, unobstructed floors. A car brilliant in performance . . . with smoother, livelier power at every speed.

And finally, a car with every modern feature for comfort, convenience and safety . . . as listed in part at the right. Choose Oldsmobile and you, too, will be enthusiastic . . . for you will find Oldsmobile, at its low price and economical operating costs, the most satisfying car you ever owned.

OLDSMO

"The Car that

Smartest Buy Ever Made



Left Out!"



"So Economical, too!"

NEE-ACTION WHEELS • SUPER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES
OLID-STEEL "TURRET-TOP" BODIES BY FISHER
ENTER-CONTROL STEERING • RIDE STABILIZER
O DRAFT VENTILATION • SAFETY GLASS THROUGHOUT

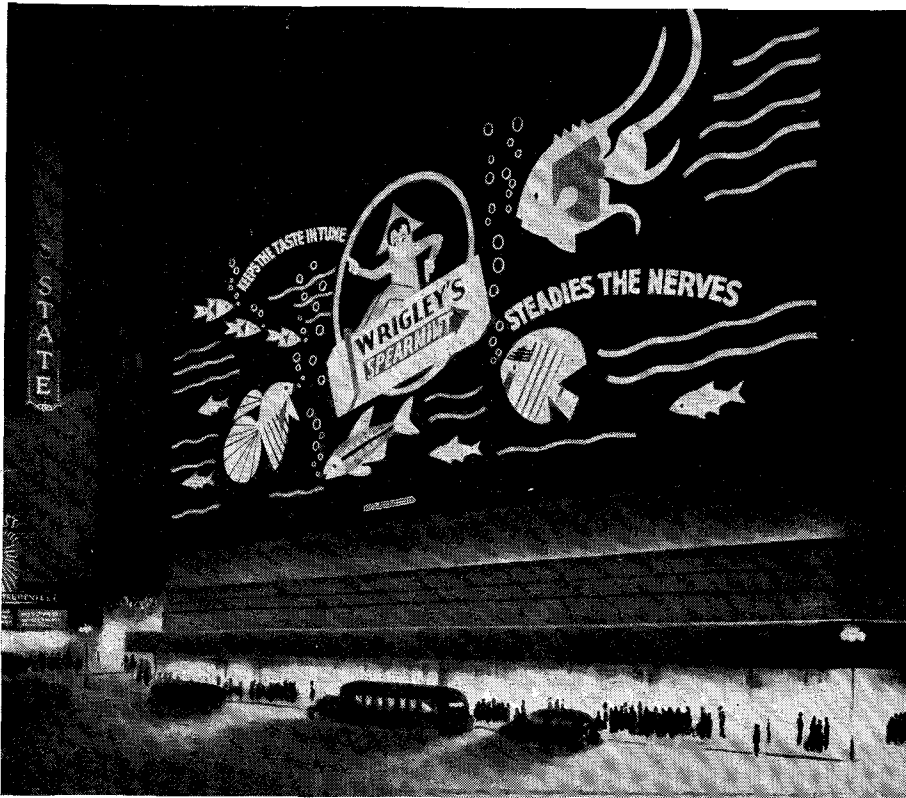
\$665

Sixes \$665 and up . . . Eights \$810
and up, list prices at Lansing, subject
to change without notice. Special ac-
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Monthly Payments to Suit Your Purse.
GENERAL MOTORS INSTALMENT PLAN

FILE 6 & 8
as Everuthina"

Sign-King of Broadway

Larger and Ever-Larger Multicolored, Animated Lights Play on Times Square Walls and Designer Sighs for Empire State Tower



New York's newest tapestry in electric lights, one block long, seven stories high

There is an old story of a New York business man who, standing at the bottom of the Grand Canyon and studying the gigantic cliff-sides, observed wistfully that they would be "a grand place for a sign advertising my business."

There is a new story of a lithe, tanned young Alabamian of twenty-three who came to New York three years ago. He stood in the center of Times Square and studied skyscrapers. There was nothing wistful about him. Then and there he decided to turn their stony slab-sides into flashing, multicolored electric signs. All that bare space going to waste appalled him.

Carnival of Light

It no longer appals him. He is working night and day to obliterate the waste space. His efforts, thus far, are turning the Broadway theater district into a carnival of animated electric lights. Nightly, as the audiences throng out of the theaters and the traffic tide floods the street, thousands of trapped eyes look upward to hundreds of thousands of lights set going by his enterprise.

Three years have brought him to just about what he wanted. Not quite, but almost. He is Douglas Leigh, he is now twenty-six, he has half a million dollars' worth of contracts in his pockets. Also, he has an enormous staff, two floors of offices in an important building.

Mr. Leigh's ambitions, however, are unfulfilled. He sighs when he thinks of what a magnificent thing could be done with the Empire State Building.

For one thing, it looks, at night, like a glowing cigarette standing straight up. That is what he wants to make of it. The tower has failed in its mission as a dirigible mooring-mast: he believes it would accomplish a great mission as a colossal cigarette advertisement smoking and glowing in the New York night.

The argot of his profession bubbles from him as from a mineral spring. He sleeps, dreams, and toils with "spectaculars." In the electric sign business a "spectacular" is a large sign involving the glowing use of more than 200 feet of neon tubing. An equivalent light value in electric lamps is also a "spectacular."

Five Leigh spectaculars glitter and wink and persuade Broadway into spending money. His whisky sign fascinates him most. Fourteen things on it are animated. The public looks more than twice at the sign that gave him the most trouble: a gigantic coffee-cup steaming away as naturally and appetizingly as a good hot breakfast-cup. The vapors arising from the coffee are steam. In the beginning there was trouble: the steam pressure was too high, the atmosphere condensed it and people passing beneath the sign felt they had walked into a rain-storm. So did their clothes. Mr. Leigh fixed that.

Mr. Leigh sits in his office surrounded by interruptions. Secretaries bob in and out, idea men thrust drawings at him, telephones ring. In lulls in this storm of sound he tells visitors how signs happen.

He made several happen by reading through the Sunday issue of a large New

York daily. Front page to last, stories, ads, magazine sections, book reviews, Rotogravure sections and classified advertisements. They gave him ideas. His bow-tie wiggles a little as he speaks, his brown hair lies unruffled. The accent goes out of his speech as he warms to his enthusiasm. He retains only the Southern "yes, sir," and "no ma'am."

New Challenge

The other day a chewing gum company lighted its new sign on Broadway at the "Crossroads of the World." A block long, seventy-five feet high, it has 29,508 electric lamps in it. It was a departure. Its animations didn't jerk about as most electric sign features do. It represented a sea of slowly moving, indolent fish. That sign is a challenge to Mr. Leigh.

It and the ambition to turn the Empire State Building Tower into a gargantuan cigarette keep him burning with vitality. He wants to beat the chewing-gum sign. He wants to outdo it and shade it. That, the cigarette in the tower more than 1,000 feet in the air, and an opportunity to meet Henry Ford, are his present flaming wishes.

Henry Ford he reveres. He believes Arthur Brisbane to be one of the smartest men alive. It is a Brisbane maxim that prods him on when, if ever, he is tempted to slow down: "What a man can imagine, he can do."

Unethical competition enrages him. He will not work on Sunday. He has fought sign-riggers, electricians, and sheet-metal workers on that point. And won. It has cost him money, but he is adamant.

After Brisbane, Sinclair Lewis, O. O. McIntyre and Emerson's Essays are his reading choices.

He used to read success-stories. Then for three hours he would be in an agony of wanting to be like and do what the heroes in the success-stories had done.

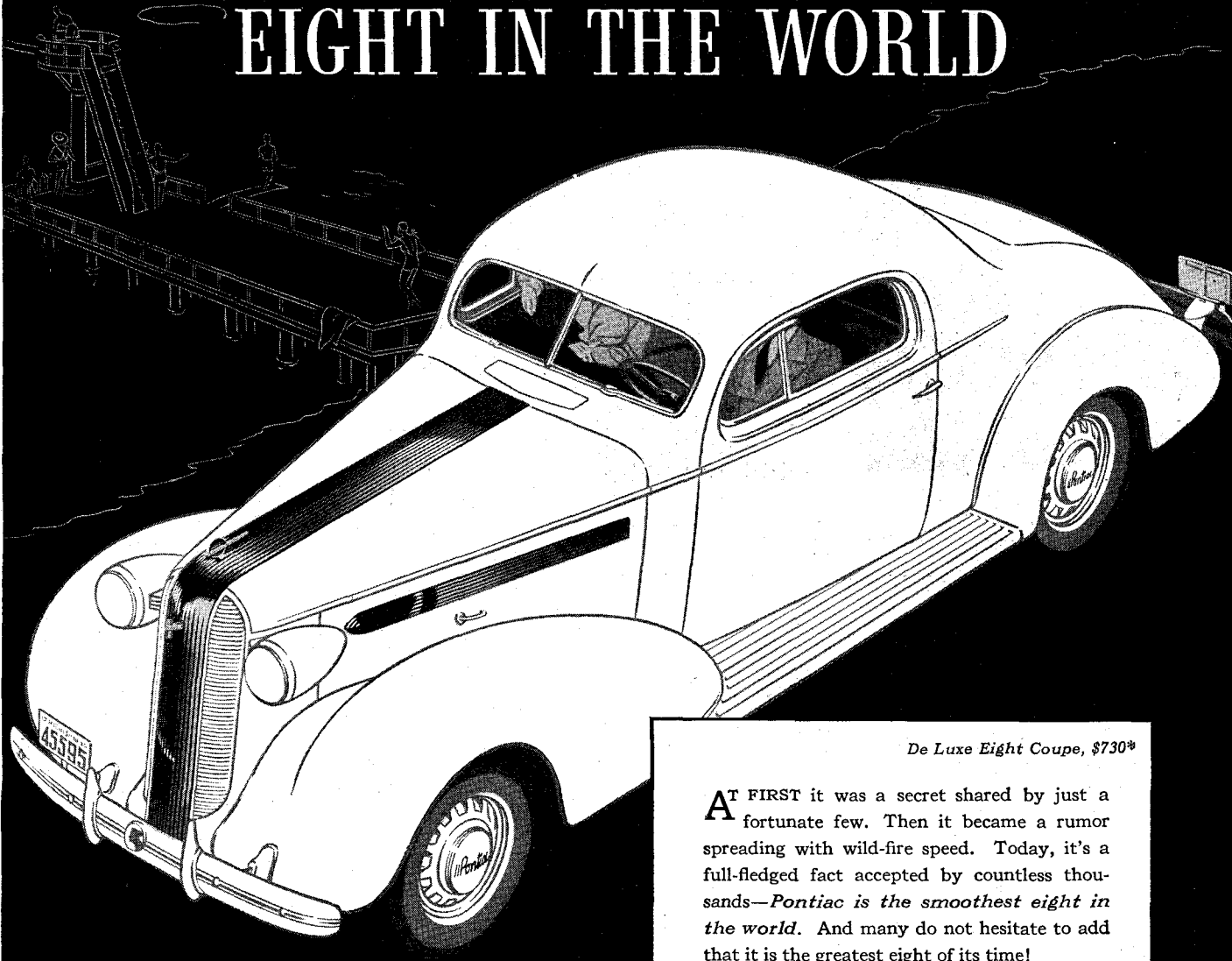
He is about to expand. He is opening an office in Birmingham, Alabama, because it's home and people there know him. He will also open one in London, because of the prestige.



Ossip Garber Studios

Douglas Leigh: He sighs when he thinks of the tower on the Empire State Building

QUIETLY MAKING A NAME FOR ITSELF AS THE *Smoothest* EIGHT IN THE WORLD



THE
LOWEST PRICED EIGHT
BUILT BY GENERAL MOTORS

PONTIAC *Eight*
THE BIG ECONOMY
BUY A PONTIAC
\$730

*List prices at Pontiac, Michigan, begin at \$730 for the Eight (subject to change without notice). Safety plate glass standard equipment. Monthly payments to suit your purse on the G.M. Installment Plan. Standard group of accessories extra.

*De Luxe Eight Coupe, \$730**

AT FIRST it was a secret shared by just a fortunate few. Then it became a rumor spreading with wild-fire speed. Today, it's a full-fledged fact accepted by countless thousands—*Pontiac is the smoothest eight in the world.* And many do not hesitate to add that it is the greatest eight of its time!

That is covering a lot of territory, but here's what is back of it. *The Pontiac eight-cylinder engine actually has no vibration point at any speed.* Automotive engineers sought for that result for years. And Pontiac solved it with an engine that is also so efficient that it matches the economy of the thrifter sixes!

You *may* find a car that will approach the Pontiac Eight for smoothness. There *may* be other cars with a like economy record. *But not at Pontiac's low price.* And not with Pontiac's special distinction or remarkable record of long-life and trouble-free performance.

It's a simple matter to check these statements and prove Pontiac's fitness to please you. *A ten-minute ride will do it.* Take it, by all means, before you buy a car, and let your own good judgment confirm the fact that you can't do better than a Pontiac Eight.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING ON WHEELS

Giles Is Unconcerned With "Isms"

Not in Ivory Tower, He Is Guided by Laws of Order in Nature



Photographs Courtesy Grand Central Galleries

Maine: Pemaquid Point Light, in Howard Giles's exhibition of water-colors

"It is possible," says Howard Giles, "to live a full life by art alone."

"Yes," agrees his wife, the former Evelyn Carter, "but not in an ivory tower. Rather as satisfying a genuine human need."

The sixty-year-old Academician and his bride of three years live in no ivory tower. They pursue their art in the vernal quietude of South Woodstock, Vermont.

Last week the veteran artist presented an exhibit of large water-colors at the Grand Central Galleries, New York, conservatively but decidedly "modern" in their emphasis on geometric design. Younger, more clamorous "moderns" were amazed that such work should come from a member of the National Academy of Design.

Mr. Giles began his career as an illustrator. "In the old days," he recalls a little wistfully, "before photography put the pen-and-pencil-man out of business," he appeared often in *Harper's* and *Scribner's*. Then it was he decided he wanted to study this craft he had been practising.

"Laws of Order"—From the Art Students' League of New York he went to Harvard. There he acquired his theory of seeking "the laws of order in nature" which are the principles of design in art. He also learned how to blend pigments.

In 1915 he won the first of a long series of prize awards, the Shaw purchase and illustration prizes of the Salmagundi Club. In 1929 came his most signal honor, election to the National Academy. His water-colors are hung in the permanent collections of most of the country's leading museums, from the Fine Arts Gallery in San Diego, California, to the Fogg Museum, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

His Grand Central exhibit was his first artistic appearance in New York since 1931, when he won a first honorable mention at the same galleries. The show was arranged in three geographical groups—Maine, Arizona, and Vermont.

He paints usually in such series, doing as many studies of a single locale as he thinks he needs "to exhaust that place's gold." The Maine group shows his progression from a preoccupation with color to a dominating interest in geometrical form. In his pictures of Arizona the Oriental temple effect of red cliffs and reddish-

yellow mesa is stressed in oblongs and blunted triangles.

An experimentalist with a definite art theory, Mr. Giles does not sniff at modern painting. "The tendency to-day," he feels, "is to recover design. I suspect I'm an old fogey about technique, but I believe I'm working in the same field, tho for my own ends, as Matisse and Picasso."

His own pictures are definitely representational. Of this he says: "I hold that, altho a picture is an attempt to discover a form, an observer ought to be able to tell what it's about without being told."

Has No Hobbies—Still youthful in appearance and voice, Mr. Giles resembles an enthusiastic college instructor as he rambles colloquially and easily on about his theories. He denies having any hobbies which are not related to his painting. "I'm keen on music and philosophy," he says, "but then they're part of my thinking about painting and what it's all about."

Now, in Vermont, where he intends "to live fully—and that means to paint," he has retired from almost all his teaching, except for a few special pupils.

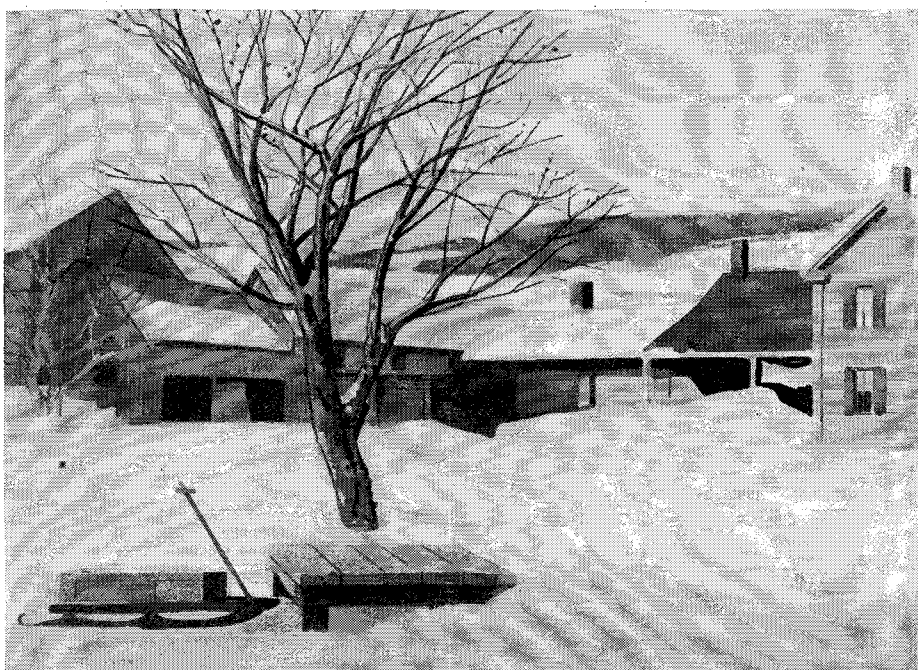
For Mr. Giles likes people, altho he no longer paints them. He firmly believes that painting offers an experience which every one can enjoy.

Sometimes — often in fact — much younger men come to South Woodstock to drink again from the familiar well of inspiration and encouragement.

For the future of art Mr. Giles is bubblingly optimistic. He is not greatly concerned over the wars of "schools" and "isms." All painting, he feels, is work; all work a certain form of progress.

Summing up his wide and varied experience with art students of three generations, he concludes:

"The young men who to-day are working with functional design, those who are making beautiful ink bottles and automobile bodies, are preparing the art of the future."



"Academic" art with a modern touch: Mr. Burn's Place in Vermont, by Howard Giles

burning, pleasant-smelling tobacco like Sir Walter Raleigh. Sir Walter—to use a much abused phrase—is definitely *milder*. It's a well-aged Kentucky Burley mixture that burns cool and slow while giving off a winning fragrance. Try a tin. Giraffes, pygmies, red-blooded men and slim blondes will seek your company and applaud the aroma. 15¢—wrapped in heavy gold foil.

SWITCH TO THE BRAND

OF GRAND AROMA



These children from the misty long ago . . .
Her nurslings, held against her ample breast
And crooned to sleep before the hearth's
bright glow.
Elizabeth and Mary, Fay and Grace,
And little Tom, "Miss Letty's" only son,
Her wrinkled brown face beams at thought
of him—
She chuckles: "Makin' laws in Washin'ton!"
Alone there on her vine-enshadowed porch,
So old and feeble, burdened with the years,
Yet never lonely nor unhappy while
Those muted voices echo in her ears.
—*The Catholic World.*

AFTER OFFICE HOURS

BY LUCIA TRENT

I want the speech of ocean,
The poetry of flight,
Of birds in dusky motion
Across the breast of night.

Beyond this world of blunder,
Quiet the young and old,
Where stars parade in wonder
Down avenues of gold!
—*Poetry Caravan.*

HARBOR SONG

BY JAN ISBELLE FORTUNE

Bring me back a harbor song
When you've ceased voyaging;
Tall black masts against the stars,
Still ships remembering.

For me no chantey of the trades
Where tumbled waters roar;
For me no typhoon-ravaged seas
Along a China shore.

But bring me back a harbor song
When you have ceased to roam;
A song of ships with sails all furled,
And sailors safe at home.
—*Good Housekeeping.*

Echoes of song,
ripples of old laughter shut away
in ancient fog, struck like a silver gong,
shatter in crystal spray.

What truths elude
the heart that strives to shape a formless why,
finding no answer save this solitude
of earth and sea and sky . . . ?

—*Through Many Doors*
(The Pæbar Company, New York)

THE LITTLE WHITE CLOUD

BY PATRICK MACDONOUGH

"There's a cloud in the sky,
A little white cloud,
And I know what it is,"
Said Peggy O'Dowd;

"Sure some girl in Heaven,
As curtains she hung,
Let one of them fall
When the Angelus rung.

"And down it kept coming,
Past planets and stars—
Oh, faster and faster
Than horses or cars,—

"Until worn so thin,
It got lighter than air,
And now it's the little
White cloud you see there!"
—*Old Castle Garden.*

THE COMFORTING

BY MARGARET E. BRUNER

I would not have you back on earth,
Your body racked with pain—
I know that longing for your mirth—
Your comradeship—is vain.

And yet when I sit wondering,
As night is merged with day,
It seems your spirit comes to bring
The words you cannot say.
—*Wings.*

WHAT wouldn't mothers and fathers have given in Colonial days to guard their children against the diseases which today your doctor can prevent?

Three of the scourges which formerly took thousands of lives can be kept under control. Every child, and adult too, can now be protected against smallpox, diphtheria and typhoid fever.

Smallpox has practically disappeared in the States where vaccination is widely practiced. In communities where families ignore this protection, it still smoulders, though protected families are safe.

Diphtheria is rapidly being stamped out by immunization against it. Nevertheless, 3,000 children in this country died of it last year. Have your baby inoculated when he is six months old. A later test will determine whether or not further inoculation is desirable. Then, should diphtheria break out



in your neighborhood, he will be immune.

Typhoid claims comparatively few victims except where suitable sanitary and preventive medical practices have been neglected.

Your doctor can tell you of the means that are used to check epidemics of scarlet fever, whooping cough and measles — and of the vaccines, antitoxins and serums which soften the attacks of these diseases and make the after-effects less damaging.

If, when you were little, you escaped serious consequences from any or all of these diseases, you were lucky. Don't let your child run the same risks. At the time of your child's regular physical examination, the doctor will be able to advise concerning immunization and the building up of resistance against disease.

You are welcome to a free copy of "Out of Babyhood Into Childhood." When you ask for it please address Booklet Dept. 536-L.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

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The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

catholic.—"P. N.," Newark, N. J.—In the non-ecclesiastic sense, one does not speak of a man as being *catholic*, but of his attributes, usually his mental attributes. Thus, one refers to a man of *catholic* taste, *catholic* sympathies, *catholic* feelings, etc., but not to a *catholic* man.

force majeure.—"J. N. LeC.," Trenton, N. J.—In a legal sense, *force majeure* is the virtual equivalent of *act of God*; but in ordinary literary usage, the phrase has no greater meaning than a literal translation of the French—*superior force*.

h (initial).—"R. B. B.," Jellico, Tenn.—The story of initial *h* goes back to the Late Latin and the Early Romance languages when, for some unknown reason, the initial *h* of the earlier Latin words was not pronounced. In time many of the words were spelled without the *h*, and this is true in the present-day Italian. In fact, the spelling of Latin words without the initial *h* was common in Middle English, and with some, such as *able* and *arbor*, the initial has never been restored.

At a later date French scholars, in imitation of the Latin, began to restore the *h* in written French, but the restoration did not extend and has not extended to this date to spoken French. English scholars also, from the 14th century, began to reinstate the *h* on words of Latin origin. In England, however, thanks to the influence of many Anglo-Saxon words in which the *h* was aspirated, slowly it became customary to sound the initial on all such words. To-day the exceptions are few: namely, *heir*, *honest*, *honor*, *hour*. Until recently, and by some people still, *herb*, *humble*, and *humor* were also pronounced with silent *h*, and *hostler* may still be pronounced either way with authority.

Malise.—"J. B.," Jersey City, N. J.—The pronunciation of this name, in Tennyson's "Lady of the Lake," may be given either as *mah-leez'* or *mah-leess'*. The name is Scottish, meaning "a follower of Jesus." In its earlier form, the name appeared *Maol Iosa*.

status quo.—"E. T. G.," Chicago, Ill.—One may use the legal phrase *status quo*, or *status in quo*, meaning "a state in which (a person or matter has been, is, or may be)." Or, one may use the phrase *in statu quo*, meaning, "in the state in which (it was before)." But the phrase *in status quo* is incorrect. The difference between the correct phrases is exactly that of the definitions or translations—the difference between "a state in which," and "in the state in which."



I've seen many a Great Finish

—but the one I saw in Boston tops them all

by Clem McCarthy, Dean Radio Announcer of the American Turf

THRILLING races—hair-breadth finishes—close shaves—these are the very breath of life to veterans of the turf. Knocking around and following the bang-tails from track to track, I've seen as many great finishes as any man. But the greatest finish I ever saw wasn't at a race track at all. It was on a tiny wafer of steel, less than two inches long—and the millions of dollars it took to put it there would make a "Man o' War's" lifetime earnings look like chicken feed by comparison.

In my travels here and there, I heard so many men crab about razor blades that I found myself wondering why I always get clean, quick shaves with never a bit of razor drag or burn. I found the answer all right—but it took a special trip to Boston to turn the trick. There I went through the Gillette factory and learned why.

My head was in a whirl when I was through. I saw the world's finest blade steel chemically analyzed, "X-rayed" by

an amazing instrument that searches the heart of the metal for hidden flaws, tested for hardness with a diamond-pointed scientific instrument, measured with micrometers, examined for perfection of micro-structure—all this before the steel is O. K'd for use in Gillette blades.

I saw the steel hardened in electric furnaces that are automatically controlled—saw the blades sharpened in huge grinding machines weighing several tons—yet so precise they are adjustable to the infinitesimal fraction of 1/10,000 of an inch. Believe me—precision is something you feel in the very air of the Gillette factory.

So after seeing one astounding process after another I'm convinced of this—better blades than Gillette blades will not be made—until Gillette scientists and engineers discover how to make them. In fact, my advice to any man who wants to enjoy shaving is not merely to ask for Gillette blades—but to insist on them.

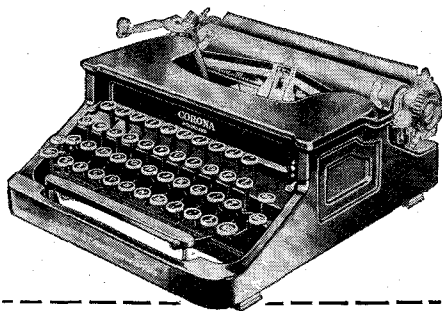
Here are the facts about razor blades. Why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Many a career has started on a CORONA

Corona develops good habits, of life-long importance—clear thinking, neatness, industry, speed—each a stepping-stone to success.

Use Corona—in school, in college, in business, in personal work. It's easy to operate, and easy to finance—as little as \$1.00 per week will buy a Corona!



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Desk 4, 707 East Washington Street,
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News of the Book World

Around the World in Eleven Years. By Patience, Richard, and John Abbe. 191 pp. (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$2.)

Those who have already read the adventures of the Abbe children in France, Germany, Russia, England, and the United States will tell you it is practically impossible to obtain a sedately critical appreciation of their precocious prattle, other than to advise that those who don't like children had best steer shy of these beguiling globe-trotters.

Students of Russian affairs, for instance, will discover to their astonishment that there is a childish U. S. S. R. that has eluded the grown-ups among both the pros and the antis. There is, in fact, a whole childish world long since lost to adults but partially recovered in these pages. Thus Patience reports that "Richard is never going to get married. He says you have to work too hard when you are married." Nor do they aspire to riches. "Rich people are bored. We are never bored."

World Aspects—The journey home across the ocean has its other-world aspects, too. For two days their mother came down to breakfast, so they had to eat oatmeal. Then, while the elders of the nations were debating the peace of Europe and their father, James E. Abbe, a newspaper photographer, was probably wondering whither he would be going next, "she didn't come down to breakfast, so we had pickles and wurst for breakfast." Of such is the living domain of childhood as related by Patience, Richard, and John, three happy little wanderers who, with an utter lack of self-consciousness, have thus supplied even the sophisticated with a good excuse to indulge in April sentimentalism.

Press Opinion—"A travel book which is so rare, rich, and racy in its manner that an instantaneous hit is easy to predict," said John Clair Minot in the *Boston Herald*.

"The publishers make affidavit that when the manuscript reached them, they turned pale. The reader may escape that, but there will be alternate chuckles and gasps of consternation. Also, probably, occasional expressions of skepticism that the pages are free of editing by an older hand, except such as was necessary to make the spelling orthodox, as a note informs us.

"But it is all so artless and enchanting, so sage in its comments, and sounds so much as the three children of the frequent pictures ought to sound, that it is a pity to question its entire authenticity."

* * *

My Life and Work. By Dr. Adolf Lorenz. 362 pp. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3.50.)

The medical profession in recent years has picked up a well-earned reputation as a source of lively literature. The doctor encounters humanity with its mask off and its party manners left outside; he has also been compelled to cushion these often unpleasant contacts with a dry humor, if only to preserve his sanity.

As a result, we have come to expect from him a book rich in human interest, even if his style does not, upon analysis, always quite add up to Grade A certified. The readers of Doctor Lorenz's memoir will not be disappointed. The Viennese pioneer in orthopedic surgery at the age of eighty-three exhibits a brisk memory, a sly wit, and an abiding interest in human nature.

He is even philosophical concerning the gloomy fate of his beloved Austria since the War. He relates that among his students long ago was a young Doctor of Philosophy, seeking a knowledge of anatomy. This student later became President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia and Doctor Lorenz comments that at the time, the name "sounded like the hiss of a sword-blow."

Forty-five years after, the one-time



En route to school in Berlin: Patience Abbe, eleven-year-old author of "Around the World in Eleven Years," with her brothers, Richard and John, coauthors of the book

demonstrator of anatomy reminded the President of Czechoslovakia of their studies together, and "how cruelly, in spite of the knowledge he had acquired, he had operated on old Austria." The President replied, "Old Austria was a corpse before I took the knife in my hand!"

Early in the present century he visited Chicago to operate upon the little daughter of an industrial king. The operation won prominence in America for Doctor Lorenz.

Now, in his old age, he rejoices that his bloodless surgery technique is in general use. "My happy thought has made it possible to blow away the dark cloud which shadowed the future life of all children who are afflicted by cruel nature with congenital dislocation of the hip-joint. The task of curing them is so much more attractive because the patients, as has been said already, are mostly healthy little girls of rare beauty. After being cured, they can not help becoming real 'beauties' later on.

"An army of beauties throughout the whole world has been made perfect by the bloodless operation, and other armies of little girls of all nations will be made perfect beauties by my life-work. As an admirer and adorer of women, I feel happy to have been destined by fate to spend my life mostly in the service of womanhood."

Viennese gallantry seems to have survived the knife of Doctor Masaryk.

* * *

Star-Wagon. By Peggy Wood. 311 pp. (New York: Farrar and Rinehart; \$2.)

Miss Peggy Wood's first attempt at a novel turns out to be "the other sort" of a Hollywood satire and as Lisle Bell has commented in *The New York Herald Tribune Books*, her creatures "perform with an agreeable absence of the trained-seal smartness which people in this type of novel are apt to manifest at the drop of an epigram."

The "nifty" is not missing in these pages, but when it appears, it does not create the impression that the chapter was tacked on to the story for the purpose of making a wise-crack. The tale concerns the adventures of *Tessa Condon*, actress, and her husband, *Jim Maitland*, newspaper man and playwright. They forsake the Arcadia they have built for themselves to fly off to Hollywood. There they encounter brilliant trouble. While *Tessa* is being built up into a great star, *Jim* is getting himself fired. In the end, all is understood and forgiven and we understand that the dotting pair are free to bill and coo and spat happily forever after. Meanwhile, artistic Hollywood is done to a crisp in an artistically restrained manner, the result being that Miss Wood's very restraint contrives to make the place more incredible than ever.

It is no kindness, either to the story or to its readers, however, to reveal too much of it in a review. It may be said, tho, that *Tessa's* feud with the Queen of the Movies is rendered with a whole-hearted feminine malice and such is the frailty of human nature that even the most gentle and peaceable among readers will find this novel an amusing literary tidbit of high-class back-biting.

NEEDED:

something to stand pounding
shocks without squeezing out



3-TON
Shocks

hammer the
chassis of
your car

YOUR car's body may take the bumps like a bird, but in the chassis it's a different story.

The unleashed momentum of a "jounce" can turn three thousand pounds of dead weight into as much as six or eight thousand pounds of pressure, squeezing ordinary grease from the chassis parts . . . cutting down on the protection it affords your car.

MARFAK . . . so tenacious that those sledge hammer blows won't break its lubricating film . . . actually *lasts twice* as long as ordinary grease.

Marfak costs little, if any, more; gives twice the protection. It guards your car against chassis repairs and the "loosening up" that so quickly depreciates its value.

Get Marfak at Texaco dealers and stations. Put your car in shape for hard summer driving now.

TEXACO

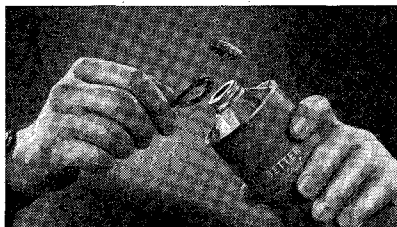


CHASSIS
LUBRICATION
WITH MARFAK

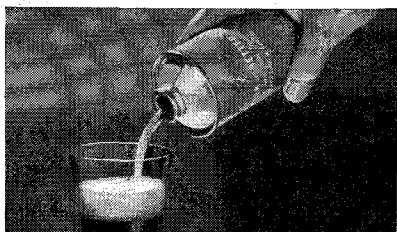
Let us
MARFAK
your car

Opens..

LIKE A BOTTLE...



POURS LIKE A BOTTLE...

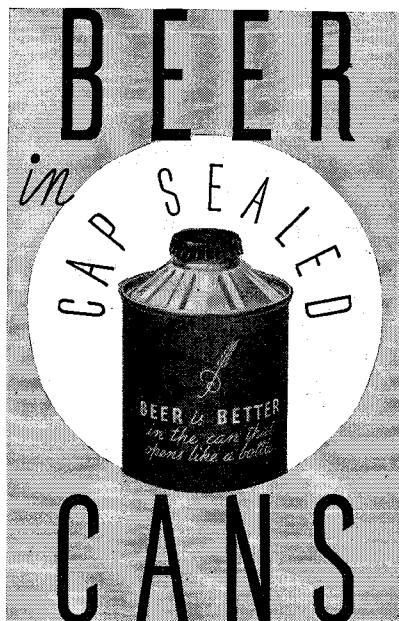


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Drama and Music

On the Current Screen

It is very possible that the last six months of picture-making have not resulted in any comedy, high or low, to excel "The Moon's Our Home," a delicious, sly prance concerning nothing much at all, but doing it with sly madness. Walter Wanger made it for Paramount.

Faith Baldwin did it as a novel, first. It appeared in a national magazine and promptly was scooped up. Scenarists Isabel Dawn and Boyce de Gaw turned it into a filmable plot. When they finished, Dorothy Parker was called in to needle it with some capricious dialog. The finished product is a completely satisfactory evening of joyous insanity.

Within the film colony, and along Broadway, which knew both of them, the picture has an added fillip because of the presence, as stars, of Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda.

Rise From Obscurity—A few years ago both were obscure players in a small Baltimore stock company.

They were married and, soon after, Miss Sullavan was summoned to plays in New York.

Her rise was sensational, and she soon was shipped to Hollywood for starring rôles.

Mr. Fonda remained, for the moment, obscure.

They were divorced. Miss Sullavan remarried.

Mr. Fonda suddenly became a star in his own right. He, too, was sent to Hollywood.

This picture was offered him and he took it.

He was asked to name a woman star to play opposite him.

He chose Miss Sullavan. The situation now is that possibly they will be married again.

Madcap Adventure—Curiously, the rôles in this madcap film adventure were gambles for both of them.

Mr. Fonda has been playing simple, flannel-shirted sons of the soil. Miss Sullavan has specialized in the sweet, crinoline type of rôles.

In "The Moon's Our Home" Miss Sullavan is a picture star who believes everything that is written about her. Mr. Fonda plays *John Smith*, an enormously successful and cosmopolitan young explorer-author, a sort of Richard Halliburton. Both are self-willed, steeped individually in the notion that in their respective fields there is no competition.

Meeting on Train—They are on a train, strangers. They occupy adjoining compartments.

He hears that *Cherry Chester*, the star, is on the train and adopts a "so what?" attitude.

She hears that *John Smith*, the great novelist, is on the train and adopts a "who cares?" attitude. They meet, go to a small

community on the route and are married. There is a wildly farcical separation immediately after the marriage, and it is followed by a tempestuous reunion.

"The Moon's Our Home" has about as much plot as a cucumber. But it doesn't matter.

Like "It Happened One Night" and other mad films, it depends on pace, superlative dialog and magnificent performances for its strength.

High-Comedy Team—Whatever Miss Sullavan and Mr. Fonda may make of their personal problems, the picture definitely will establish them as a high-comedy team without compare in Hollywood.

The stars have flawless support from Charles Butterworth, Dorothy Stickney, Walter Brennan, Beulah Bondi, Henrietta Crosman and others of sturdy stature in acting.

Press Opinion—"The Moon's Our Home," fulfilling the whimsical promise of the title, is a sparkling satirical comedy contrived and played for sheer amusement," says Hollywood *Daily Variety*, in its review of the new film.

"The most frothy of the Sullavan rôles, the character of a temperamental Hollywood actress who meets her match in a rival celebrity, it is also one of her best. . . .

"Mr. Fonda is as effectively presented in the rôle of a fellow egomaniac, author-explorer. The production as a whole is lavish and arresting."

And the *Hollywood Reporter* chimes in with this verdict: "As delightful a slice of madness as has reached the screen in many a day."



Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda, heroine and hero of latest "mad" film

Sing Before Breakfast

Henry Ford Starts His Day With Songs and Hymns

"Start the day with a song!" is Henry Ford's advice. In his seventy-third year, the motor-magnate follows his own prescription every morning. At 8:30 A.M. he worships in the Chapel of Martha-Mary at Greenfield Village, singing "simple songs and hymns" with schoolchildren. He has missed these services only a few times in six years.

In *The Etude* for April an interviewer describes a visit with the Fords in Greenfield Village, at Dearborn, Michigan. He found that "the man who has always thought for himself" had restored, there on the fringe of Detroit's metropolitan hubbub, the handicraft arts of the past, setting them in their original environments.

What amazed the interviewer most was the spry genius's "folksy" personality. Tho there are more than 200,000 Ford workers scattered over the map, as he walked through this dream-hamlet of his, Mr. Ford addressed many by their first names. Always he talked, sparkling with enthusiasm, and of many things.

But mostly of music—and youth.

Music and Youth—"One of the secrets of keeping young," he asserted, "is to spend part of one's time with youth. They are the newest things in the world—fresh from the Invisible—and they are the dawning future." That philosophy explains Henry Ford. It explains the care with which he has assembled treasures of the past, at Dearborn and elsewhere, to remind youth that the world did not begin with them.

"What we are trying to do," he explained, "is to set before them the best of the world to date, so that they may choose what they need, and take it into the future with them. We have no illusions about bringing up the young folks—it is just a question with me whether they do not bring us up," he smiled.

Among other historical treasures he has taken to Dearborn is the birthplace of Stephen Foster, the composer, rotting, when Mr. Ford rescued it, in a run-down district of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Boyhood Life—"For one thing," he explains shyly, "Foster speaks of things I used to know—it has deep association with my boyhood and later experiences."

The fire in the old Foster fireplace was lighted from fire sent in two lanterns by the musician's daughter, Mrs. Marion Welch, just before she died. Mr. Ford adds: "I hope it will be a perpetual fire."

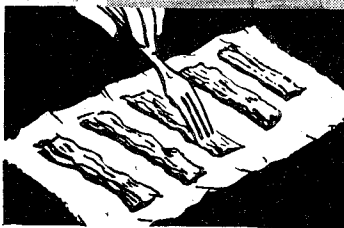
Mr. Ford conducted his interviewer about the 200-acre settlement, showed him Edison Institute, the museum, classrooms, workshops, laboratories, libraries, and auditorium. Some of these buildings are architectural reproductions of Independence Hall, Congress Hall, and the old City Hall of Philadelphia. When a slanting sun brought the tour to a close, the two returned to the Foster house.

There, while the interviewer listened, no less enraptured than his host, musicians played "Old Kentucky Home."

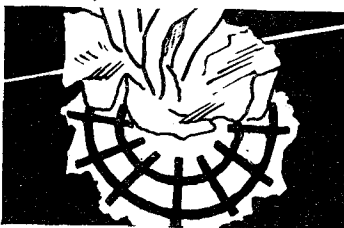
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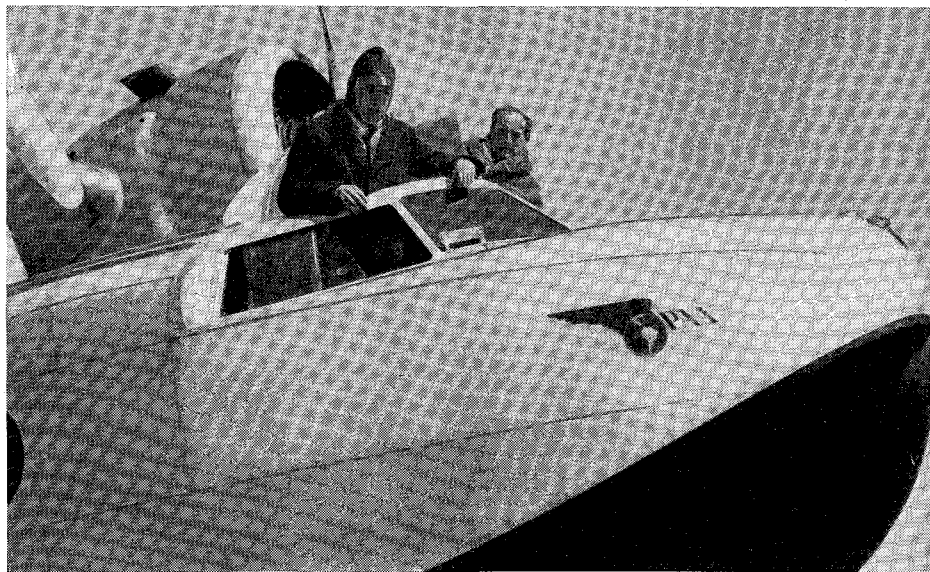
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L4-25-36

Sikorsky Altitude Mark in Amphibian

Toy Helicopter Builder as Boy, He Now Shatters Records in Aviation



Acme

Designer and pilot of the amphibian which broke two world altitude records: Igor Sikorsky (left) and Capt. Boris Sergievsky, emerging from the plane after the flight

An eleven-year-old Russian lad sat tinkering with a queer home-made machine and a rubber band.

Suddenly he snatched away his hand, and the tiny helicopter rose into the air. It flew!

Last week, the same person, now forty-seven, his bald spot fringed with fine, grayish hair, stepped into the cabin of a huge fifteen-passenger amphibian monoplane at Mollison Air-port, Stratford, Connecticut.

"Let's go!" he called to Captain Boris Sergievsky, his pilot.

"All right, Mr. Sikorsky," came the reply.

Engines Roar—Two 750-horse-power Hornet engines roared. The ship rose. Higher, higher, higher it soared—15,000—20,000, then, finally, 27,950 feet.

Outside thermometers fixed the temperature at forty degrees below zero. A quarter-inch rim of hoar frost crystals slowly formed on the landing-gear.

Then the ship soared gently earthward, and came to rest on the Housatonic River.

The official sealed barograph showed that Igor Sikorsky's plane, the S-43, had shattered two of last year's world's altitude records for amphibians.

One, with a pay-load of 500 kilograms, was the 17,877-foot mark of a Coast Guard plane; the other, the no-pay-load record of 18,642 feet, set by Harry Richman, entertainer.

Aviation has fascinated Sikorsky since his youth, spent in historic old Kiev, "mother of Russian cities."

After his experiment with the toy helicopter, he built another with a twenty-five horse-power motor. Then the Wrights thrilled the world.

Inspired Sikorsky constructed his first real air-plane. He had to teach himself to fly, but he escaped serious injury.

He became more and more expert, until

finally the Grand Duke Alexander drafted the quiet courteous plane builder to supervise war aircraft construction.

When the Revolution came, the disappearing Sikorsky left Russia, never to return. He traveled first to France, then to the United States, where he started the plane-building career climaxed by his great Clipper Ships and by his new records.

He has watched aviation grow from nothing to the era of twenty-ton ships, but remains unimpressed. Flying palaces of 150 tons, with dining-rooms, promenades and dance-halls, he foresees only as a logical development.

Substratosphere War-Planes

Twenty years ago, the bravest of brave Englishmen, Germans, and Frenchmen dipped and soared, courting swift death in the tranquil clouds high above the sodden ooze of No-Man's Land. The world was at war. Aviation was the new-found eye of armies. It was the job of these aces of the atmosphere to drive their pursuit planes at more than 100 miles an hour, catch the enemy, put his eye out.

Last week, as sparks of war again fell dangerously near Europe's powder-houses, the United States Army began a series of the most rigid tests ever held. Purpose: to find a pursuit plane that would rocket above the clouds into the stratosphere, do at least 300 miles an hour. This time America would not be caught napping.

For in 1917 and 1918 America's flying equipment was second-rate. True, her Captain Eddie Rickenbacker none the less sent twenty-five enemy planes to destruction.

As last week's tests began over sprawling Wright Field, in Dayton, Ohio, sunlight limned the first of four single-seaters entered. It was a Vought V-1-41, low-wing

monoplane built for speed. Powered by a 14-cylinder Wasp, Jr., engine, it has a span of only 33 feet, 6 inches, and a length of 22 feet.

Ordeals Passed—High above the \$40,000,000 plant of the Army Material Division, which houses nearly 1,200 men, the tiny ship climbed, circled, and dipped under the control of the manufacturer's skilled test pilots. It passed ordeal after ordeal, with only one minor mishap. During the execution of the difficult spinner the little parachute carried in the tail as an added safety factor ripped off and blew away. Army experts were jubilant.

Standing a few hundred feet from the shack which once housed the Wright brothers' thirty-mile-an-hour plane, flinty-chinned, taciturn Maj. Hez McClellan, chief of the Army experts, predicted that the Vought V-1-41, as well as the other three ships in the contest, would hit a top speed of at least 300 miles.

Vought's rivals for honors—and contracts—are Curtiss, Consolidated, and Seversky. All carry both .50 and .30 caliber machine-guns. To the company whose ship turns in the finest performance will go a coveted government order for eighty like it.

After that will come other problems.

To destroy the enemy, to make certain that he will not have an easy chance to do the destroying, a pilot must be dead sure that he can ascend as high as his foe, and that he can keep up with him. To see to it that no invader will be able to circle over helpless American ships, experiments are now aimed at piercing the substratosphere (some 30,000 feet up) with fighting planes. That would mean more speed.

High Speed Envisioned—Some prophets even foresee travel at 400, 500, perhaps 600 miles an hour. But that brings up more problems. At present pressure cabins allow human beings to be the guinea pigs in testing simulated effects of high altitude. For great heights it would be necessary to effect a change in the operation of guns, as well as motors.

But there is another problem.

Spectators at air-meets no doubt recall a loud crackling noise made by high-speed planes. To the bystander it brought a thrill; to the air engineer, a headache. "It is," says Col. William D. Tipton, "old man compressibility-burble saying his piece."

Technicians explain the phenomenon in this way: When an object moves through the air it "telegraphs" its coming directly ahead at the speed of sound—about 760 miles an hour. This tells the air to get out of the way.

When the object travels at 100 miles an hour, for instance, its warning shock precedes it at the difference in speed, or 660 miles an hour. But as the speed of the object becomes greater, the warning time shortens. This throws a compacted wave across the path of the moving body, and the "burble" burbles.

Before American flyers can conquer a mythical enemy traveling at 600 miles an hour, the Army's engineers will have to put old man compressibility-burble in his place.

Crime

Law Catches Up With Ace Thieves

Smooth Robberies à la Gerald Chapman Solved, But It Took Time

Fifteen years ago a mild-looking little man with a high, bulging forehead, who was known as a student of crime, an assiduous practitioner of it, and a killer, engineered the biggest and most daring robbery in the history of New York City.

This was the Leonard Street robbery, in which the pint-size Gerald Chapman cunningly directed his gang in the hold-up of a mail-truck. They got away with mail-bags containing \$2,500,000 in securities, mostly non-negotiable; jewelry, and cash. Much of the loot never was recovered.

Chapman was caught and sent to the Federal Prison at Atlanta for twenty-five years, but escaped a few months after his commitment. For more than two years he was a will o' the wisp that the law could not tag; to the underworld he grew in stature as a glamorous figure. Then they caught him at last, convicted him of murdering a policeman, and broke his neck on the gallows at Wethersfield Prison, Connecticut, on April 6, 1926.

Tradition Lives—But the Gerald Chapman tradition of robbery on a colossal scale lived after him. Last week, the headlines roared again—twice—but now they told tales not of violent seizures, but of enor-

mouse hauls of securities accomplished with a magician's finesse.

So cleverly were the two crimes committed that nobody could guess what sly technique was used.

One story revealed by New York's police sounded like a movie-plot, tossed together by a wild-eyed melodramatist. It involved \$2,780,000 in stolen securities, the recovery of \$440,000 of securities at Monte Carlo, an international gang of luxuriously-living bond-thieves, a mysterious telephone-tipster, beautiful women, a street murder.

Opening Scene—Scene 1 was staged January 28, 1935, in the Wall Street office of C. J. Devine & Company, bond-brokers. In the delivery-room on the twenty-fifth floor, a trusted messenger of the Bank of the Manhattan Company laid a wallet containing about \$1,500,000 in securities on the ledge of the delivery-window. He turned his back for an instant. When he looked again, the wallet was gone.

For a year police could get no clue. Then, a mysterious, muffled voice over the telephone told detectives they "might get those bonds in Paris." French police were advised; they soon had trace of a Monte Carlo-Paris clique who were trying to sell

United States Treasury notes. An unidentified American woman, who has a villa at Monte Carlo, gave information involving a man who had been slain in New York.

On another direct tip, the police asked the Prince of Monaco to arrest all members of the gang. Two were seized last week, and \$440,000 of the notes stolen in the Devine office recovered.

Another Baffler—In the other case, Federal agents arrested eight men for a \$590,000 security-theft that was equally baffling. Of this plunder, \$310,000 was recovered.

On December 14, 1934, the \$590,000 in United States Treasury securities was filched, somehow, from a cage of the United States Trust Company in Wall Street. Six men were working in the cage, but saw nothing. Federal men began a sixteen-month search.

Their evidence complete, they seized five men in New York City, two in Palm Beach, Florida, and one in Washington, D. C. In the West Palm Beach home of one of the men they found a \$100,000 note hidden in a bean-jar.

Other Robberies—These robberies recalled others in the Chapman tradition.

Chicago and vicinity have had several. There was the Rondout robbery in 1924, when \$2,000,000 in bonds was stolen, the Chicago Loop mail-robbery in 1932, when a gang seized \$500,000 in securities.

The biggest cash-robbery in New York City, if not in the country, took place in August, 1934, when a gang seized \$427,000 from an armored car in Brooklyn.

if GUMS HURT

Think *twice* before you buy your next tooth brush. *First thought:* The photo-micrograph of Pro-phy-lac-tic bristles which proves that they are as smooth as finger-tips. *Second thought:* The other photo-micrograph which proves that the bristles in all other tooth brushes are as sharp and jagged as broom-straws.

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Imagine a device so delicate and painstaking that it removes the jagged edges and spurs (shown at lower right) on a thing as tiny as a single bristle-end. This remarkable new invention brings an utterly new benefit. It enables many who could never do so before to brush with hard stiff bristles—as recommended by dentists—without lacerating the gum margins.

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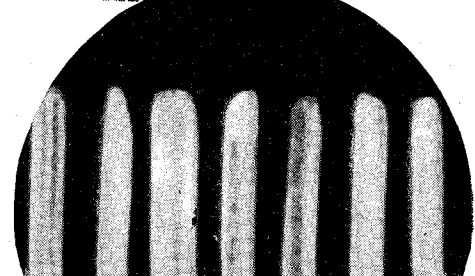
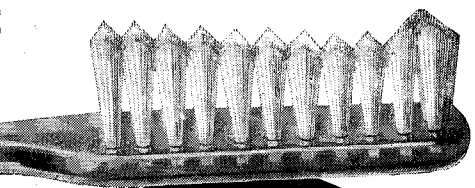


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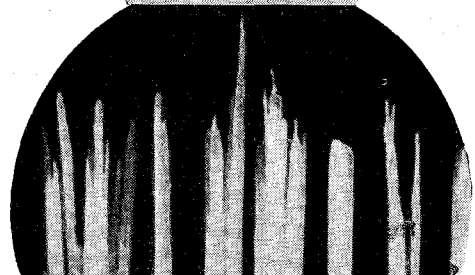


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Sport and Sportsmen

Millions for Dogs and Their Upkeep

Mick, the Miller, Greyhound Racer, Worth Twice His Weight in Gold

If some modern Saint Francis of Assisi could arrange to feed every dog in this country ten cents' worth of meat a day, his butcher's bill for the year would exceed \$500,000,000.

If his fondness for pure-breds should tempt him to buy up the pedigreed dog market, kennels and all, he would have to lay out another \$120,000,000 and resign himself to annual running expenses of several million dollars more.

So keen is the amateur's interest in dogs that this year, counting the winter indoor shows and the outdoor exhibits now getting under way, approximately 1,100,000 Americans will invest almost \$20,000,000 just to look at the best of the 103 breeds recognized by the American Kennel Club.

What the non-professional will spend on taxes, licenses, food, and paraphernalia for America's 15,000,000 blue-bloods and mongrels can not be estimated. Last year makers of prepared dog food did a \$40,000,000 business. In New York State alone owners contributed more than \$900,000 for licenses.

How this increasingly expensive interest in dogs developed is uncertain. Probably it dates back to Neolithic man, who first domesticated the wild dog and used it for hunting, dragging burdens, and, perhaps, as an occasional source of food.

Stream-Lined Egyptians—Far more debatable is the question of which modern breed has the oldest history. Some authorities cite the silky-haired bulbous-eyed Pekingese, others the mastiff. But most historians acknowledge the present-day racing greyhound as the stream-lined counterpart of dogs depicted in Egyptian ruins three or four thousand years old.

There is evidence that the greyhound was accepted as payment for taxes by Unjur, Viceroy of Egypt from 946 to 961. The Ikshidite ruler's appreciation of the breed's negotiable value was recently borne out by Mick, the Miller, greatest racing dog as yet developed.

Mick, the Miller, weighed sixty-six pounds. Between 1929 and 1931 he won for his British owners purses totaling \$50,000. At the then-prevailing price of the metal, he was thus worth considerably more than twice his weight in gold.

By mating various descendants of the ancient Egyptian greyhound, breeders found they could develop new canine traits and eliminate undesirable ones. Over a period of centuries they produced types of amazing colors and sizes, from the shaggy 200-pound St. Bernard to the hairless eight-ounce Chihuahua.

Originally dogs were bred for specific tasks, such as guarding life and property, racing, hunting, or fighting.

Largest of all dogs, the original Irish wolfhound was bred to hunt wolves and the massive Irish elk. With the disappearance from Ireland of both animals, some authorities assert the original Irish wolfhound also became extinct. But modern specimens have attained a height of thirty-nine inches at the shoulders.

The picturesque and aristocratic Russian wolfhound's hunting technique is likewise virtually a thing of the past. Trained to work in pairs, the dog was once an extremely courageous and effective wolf-killer. To-day it has become primarily a symbol of luxury.

Gentle Bloodhound—Tracking by scent rather than sight was a trait carefully developed in certain hound types. Most impressive of all trackers, the bloodhound has been erroneously credited with great ferocity. Actually it is one of the gentlest dogs. Like wolfhounds, the breed has become less prevalent, mainly because of its diminishing usefulness in crime detection. Bloodhounds have been known to trail fugitives 150 miles without losing the scent.

Shepherds and hunting dogs have retained their original functions more completely than perhaps any other types. Collies and German shepherds are still used



Acme



© International

Years ago, the English bulldog (left) was one of the most popular dogs in America; recently, the more stream-lined Boston bull-terrier has been preferred.

extensively in handling cattle and sheep. And the ever-mounting interest in field trials for pointers, setters, spaniels, and, lately, dachshunds, testifies to the continued usefulness of the sporting dog.

In point of usefulness the bark also plays an important rôle. Barking at game is instinctive in dogs. But even that has not been neglected by dog breeders. Since the Middle Ages gun dogs have been trained to hunt stealthily and silently.

Greyhounds and whippets will bark before the start of a race. To bark during the running means wasting valuable breath and indicates, to connoisseurs, a regrettable strain in the dog's ancestry.

Purity of Yelps—Hounds, which hunt by scent, are encouraged to "give tongue" when they pick up the trail. Owners pride themselves on the purity of their hounds' tone and acquire uncanny ability to distinguish their own dogs' bays or yelps.

This extensive cultivation of breed and bark has made available as pets a vast variety of dogs.

Pet dogs, like clothes, are subject to fashion whims. Such factors as war, a queen's taste, revolution, and the founding of a Republic are cited by Victor H. Bernstein in the *New York Times* as contributing to the making and breaking of a breed's popularity.

The World War, he writes, temporarily turned American interest against the dachshund. At the same time heroic achievements on the Western Front brought the German shepherd into prominence.

Queen Victoria's liking for the chow pushed that breed into society. The uprisings in Holland just before the French Revolution elevated the keeshonden to national popularity.

The Kerry Blue, rapidly gaining a following in this country, entered the ranks of the socially elect when the Irish Republic adopted it as the national dog.

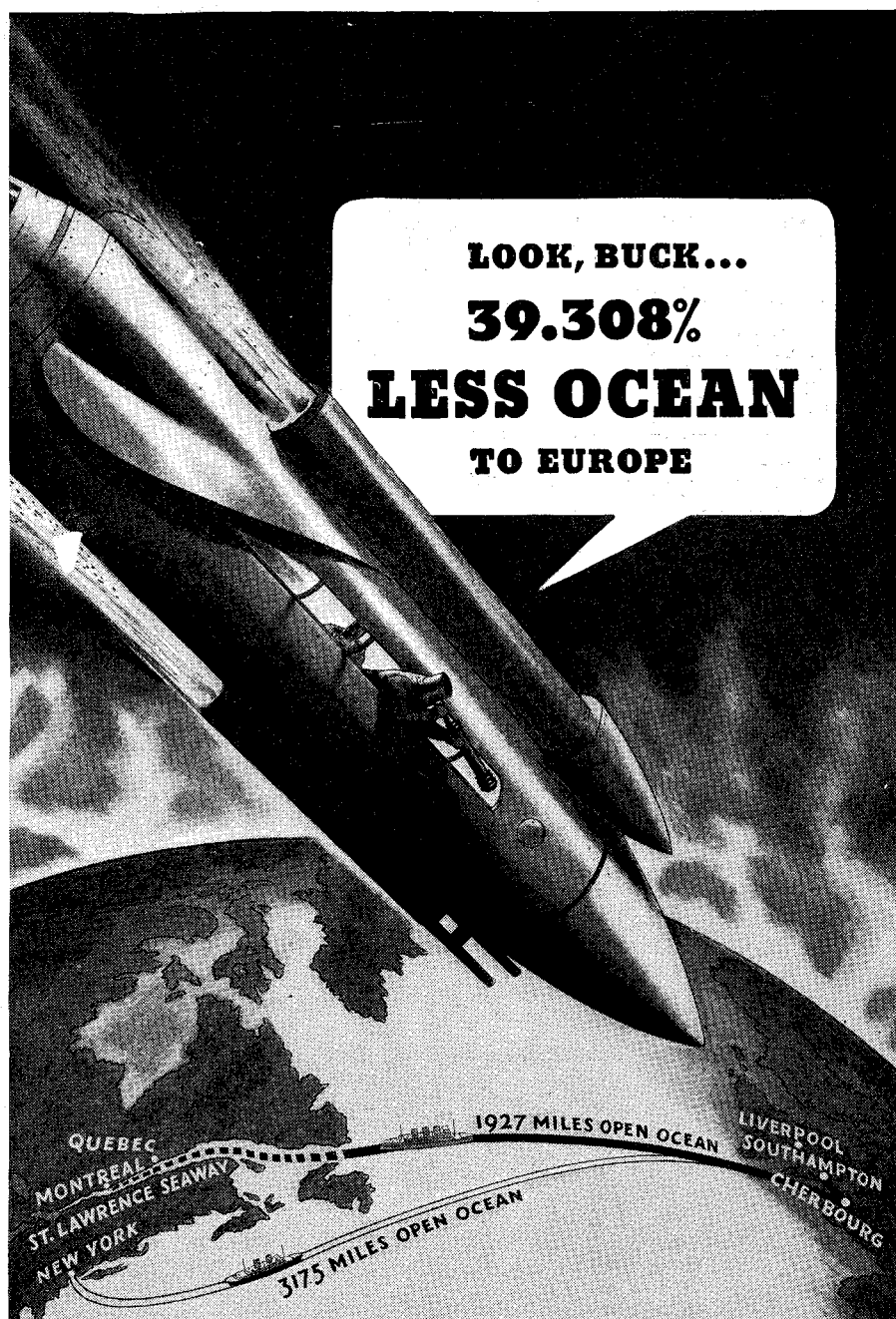
The exaggerated ugliness of the English bulldog made it a favorite among American collegians of the turtle-neck sweater era. In striking contrast is the Boston bull-terrier, most popular dog in America for the past seven years, but rapidly, and for no apparent reason, yielding ground to the cocker spaniel.

Regardless of changing fashions in pure-breds, American interest in all breeds has steadily increased since the days of George Washington, probably the first breeder of native fox hounds. Every President since Washington has kept at least one dog during his Administration.

White House Mongrels—First of the later Presidents known as dog-fanciers were Hayes and Cleveland, who between them owned beagles, setters, spaniels, and pointers. Least particular about pedigrees was Theodore Roosevelt, whose dogs, usually mongrels, had the run of the White House.

Most famous of all White House dogs was the late Warren G. Harding's airedale, Laddie Boy. He was photographed almost as often as the President, met all visiting delegations, and attended many Cabinet meetings.

Second most distinguished Presidential dog was Herbert Hoover's Norwegian Elk-



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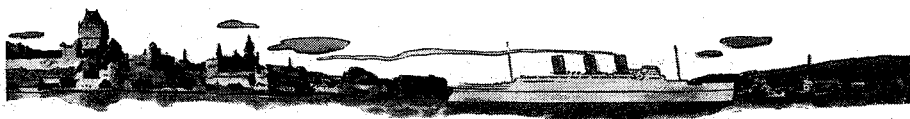
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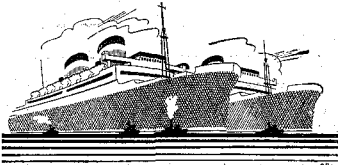
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hound, Wujie, the only dog ever to have puppies in the White House.

Typical of the owners' solicitude for the life and health of dogs are the heavily endowed animal shelters, hospitals, and aid societies.

Fighting Cruelty—First of 550 such organizations was the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Originally founded in New York City by Henry Bergh to obtain legislation assuring proper treatment of horses and cattle, the Society now specializes mainly in small animals.

Last Wednesday the A.S.P.C.A. celebrated its seventieth anniversary. All week the Society cooperated in the Be Kind to Animals Anniversary through an extensive radio, lecture, and poster campaign designed to decrease the huge death toll taken by automobiles and to encourage more humane treatment of animals.

Indicative of the American's sometimes maudlin affection for dogs are the many elaborate animal cemeteries. Owners have spent as much as \$400 for dog caskets and have been known to erect granite mausoleums costing up to \$13,000.

Nerve-Wracking Race

There is many a top-hat and cutaway among the crowd of 200,000 jamming the Aintree course at Liverpool every spring to watch the world's fleetest steeplechasers plunge over hazardous obstacles in England's famed Grand National.

Among the 20,000 Americans who pack the wooded amphitheater of Worthington Valley in late April to watch the running for the Maryland Hunt Cup, there is many a felt hat and tweed suit, but not one topper and morning coat.

In England at the end of the race a purse of perhaps \$40,000 goes to the winning owner, and word is flashed to holders of sweepstakes tickets worth upwards of \$7,000,000.

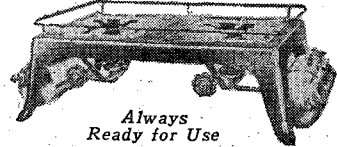
In the Maryland the riders are all amateurs and race for just three things: a silver tankard, a leg on the Challenge Cup, and the permanent halo for the winner of America's most famous steeplechase.

Nerve-Wracking—But the parallel between the two races extends far beyond questions of informality and commercialism. To many horsemen the forty-two-year-old Maryland Hunt Cup is far more nerve-wracking than England's ninety-seven-year-old Grand National, and therefore a stronger claimant to the title of "the world's greatest steeplechase."

This Saturday probably no more than a dozen hunters will line up for the start of a four-mile chase that will take them over twenty-two vicious-looking timber jumps at every conceivable angle. The tweed-coated crowd, after leisurely picnicking for four or more hours, will groan at the spills, cheer the winner, and start for home ten minutes after the race begins, satisfied that it has seen the most thrilling racing spectacle in America.

Should one of the favorites have a bad fall, or a prominent rider be injured, chances are strong that newspapers will

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again take up last spring's cry for elimination of "the country's most dangerous horse race."

Last year, after Noel Laing's Troublemaker broke its neck at the seventeenth jump, critics argued that the course was too difficult, that the intense sporting angle of the race made riders take jumps too fast, and that the results proved nothing.

But to Marylanders the Hunt Cup is so traditionally popular that even suggesting its elimination would be sacrilege. Inaugurated in 1894 in friendly rivalry between the aristocratic Green Spring and Elkridge Hunt Clubs, the race has remained strictly a social, and amateur, affair.

Time and again the Hunt Cup Committee has rejected suggestions to alter the race. Ballyhoo has been scrupulously avoided. Plans to offer a purse, to charge admission fees, to let professional riders compete, or to reconstruct the course, have all failed.

The Grand National course is 856 yards longer, and has thirty-one jumps to the Maryland's twenty-two. The principal difference, however, is in the obstacles.

Aintree Brush—The fences at Aintree are mainly of brush, either growing hedges or birch compressed in frames and neatly clipped off at the top. The approaches are smooth turf, graded upward to meet the fence. In the Maryland race the fences are all straight timber. Because of the rolling country they must be approached from all angles—down-hill, up-hill and even along the sides of hills.

"When we consider that only five horses and five riders have been injured in the Maryland Hunt Cup in the forty-two years during which it has been run," writes James Piper in the current issue of *The Sportsman*, "the only conclusion that fairly can be drawn is that the race, comparatively speaking, is not dangerous, but on the contrary is safer for both horse and rider than the average steeplechase run over brush."

For length of experience with the course probably none is better qualified to have an authoritative opinion of its difficulties than Captain Kettle, twelve-year-old horse which has successfully competed four times without a single fall.

Finish in Rush—Captain Kettle finished in a rush for second place in 1930, dropped out of competition for the next two years, and then came back to win the 1933 and 1934 races. Last year he lost to Hotspur II by half a length.

Victory for Captain Kettle this year would mean permanent possession of the Ross W. Whistler Challenge Cup, on which he already has two legs.

The most spectacular of all victories in the long history of the Maryland Hunt Cup occurred during the third running, in 1896. Kingsbury was leading when he spotted his barn in the offing. Disregarding the race completely, he swerved off the course and headed for his favorite stall.

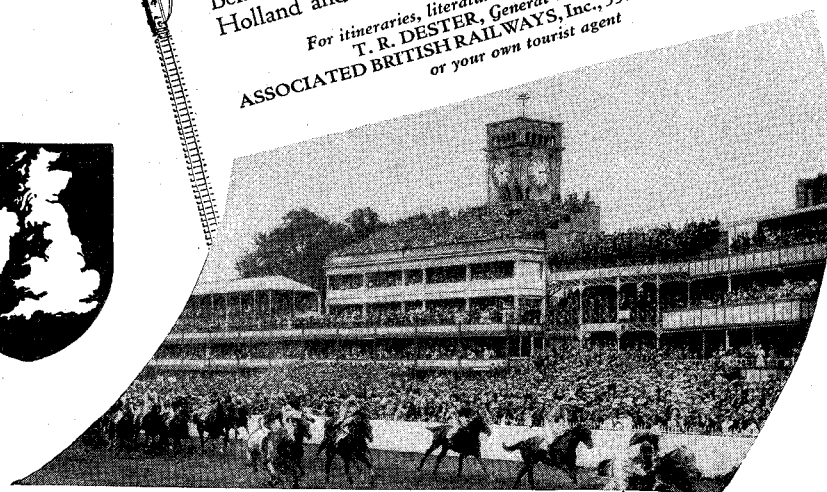
Whatever powers of persuasion his gentleman rider exerted are unknown, but Kingsbury was finally induced to let him remount and continue the race. Strangely enough, he not only caught up with the leaders, but passed them and won the race.



Sportsman's PARADISE

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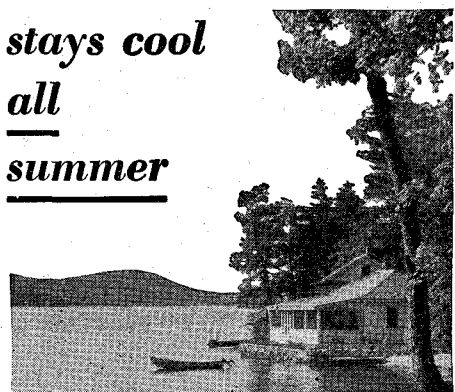
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Sport Shots

Baseball Fisticuffs—Few spectacles hold greater fascination for fight fans than real or publicity "grudge fights." More than likely the boxers and wrestlers who hate each other so convincingly in the ring are fast friends after working hours. But during bouts it is good business to growl.

Baseball fans, too, patronize teams that give them the most action and gleefully applaud occasional fist-fights between players. Much of the fun is lost when they see rival athletes slapping each other on the back during a game.

To heighten National League competition and spectator interest this year, President Ford Frick announced recently that rival baseball players "fraternizing" on the field would be fined \$10.

First to enter into the spirit of the thing were Managers Casey Stengel, of the Brooklyn Dodgers, and Bill Terry, of the New York Giants. On opening day last week they refused to be photographed together in the traditional hand-shaking pose.

The following day players demonstrated their approval of the ruling when Dick Bartell, Giants' shortstop, and Van Mungo, Dodgers' pitcher, failed to fraternize. Instead, they staged a lusty fist-fight at the Polo Grounds in New York City.

In the opinion of many witnesses Bartell and Mungo were entitled to bonuses. But President Frick fined both men \$25 and served notice that the non-fraternizing restriction carries no license for free-for-alls.

* * *

Sleeping Contenders—Athletes have won track-meets by landslide scores and by lucky breaks. But not many athletes have won meets while they were asleep.

Schoolboys at the Hillhouse High School in New Haven, Connecticut, may soon do that against the Yali Union Middle School, Changsha, China.

While the Hillhouse boys are still in bed the Chinese athletes will compete against time and distance in various events. Results will be cabled.

* * *

Jackass Game—Americans are notorious for ingenuity in thinking up new, and often insane, variations of old games. Usually the principal difference between the new and the old sport is in the rules.

But in devising one of the newest indoor games the inventors have left the rules to the players.

"The general idea," explains *Sports Illustrated*, "is to catch a ball slightly larger than the one used in squash in an overgrown egg-cup, and then toss it deftly back at one's opponent where it is difficult for him to reach."

In one suggested method of playing the game "an unlimited number of players stand around in a circle tossing the ball from one to another.

"When one fails to catch it, he is given a letter until finally the word 'jackass' is spelled out, at which juncture, it may be presumed, the player gives a sudden bray and dashes off the field, his ears flapping."

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Finance and Industry**Sibley: Builder of Business Platform***Chamber Leader Rivals Roosevelt in Charm and Also as Fighting Man***W**hat is business thinking?

The public will soon know, for delegates from all parts of the country will converge on Washington next week for the twenty-fourth annual meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

President Roosevelt, about whom the Chamber has been doing a good share of its thinking of late, also will know, for the man who will lead this four-day discussion of his New Deal is regarded as his closest public rival in personal charm.

Tall, gray-eyed, immaculate Harper Sibley, the Chamber's President, knows how to drive his points home. And he knows business, first-hand. Rich by inheritance, a millionaire in his own right, he has practised law, served on the directorates of a score of banks and corporations, managed vast agricultural projects.

A leading citizen of Rochester, New York, he shuttles back and forth between there and his farms and ranches in Illinois, California, and Alberta, and makes occasional flying visits to New York, Chicago, and Washington. He loves sports, has been a prime mover in the Y.M.C.A., and gave up smoking and drinking because he found other things more interesting. Afraid of neither facts nor foes, he is ready to go after both when the nation's business leaders meet within a stone's throw of the White House in the Chamber's marble-columned H Street headquarters next week.

Toe-Crushing Planks—For three days they will discuss transportation, distribution, agriculture, employment, foreign trade, and every other topic pertaining to business. On the fourth they will draft a platform.

Presidents Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover regarded the Chamber as a much-needed barometer.

Even the present President Roosevelt, friendly in the trying early days of his Administration, praised the Chamber for its cooperation at its annual meeting in 1933. A year later he sent a tart message: "Stop crying 'wolf' and aid recovery!"

Last year in a radio speech anticipating its meeting by a few days, he laid out a "must" schedule for legislation—bills for social security, banking credit, public utility holding company control, interstate transport regulation, extension of the NRA.

Boisterous Chamber—Chamber members, in a boisterous final session, voted down all but transport regulation. To this President Roosevelt retorted that often "business organizations" distorted the opinions of their members.

With this aspersion Chamber officials violently disagreed. They pointed out that their 1,385 local and regional Chambers of Commerce and national and regional trade associations represented an underlying membership of 608,368. In addition there are 7,187 individual members and 7,980 associate memberships.

The Chamber does not sponsor or push specific legislation. It seeks rather to plumb sentiment.

Through reports, referenda, and resolutions, it endeavors to draw a clear picture of measured opinion.

By-laws carefully protect the "little fellow." A large Chamber with 3,000 members has no more votes than a small one with fewer than 2,000. Each has ten.

Now Roosevelt awaits the latest onslaught from his "friendly enemy" (see cover). The Chamber President followed the nation's Chief Executive through Groton and Harvard by three years and the two leaders have a warm personal regard for each other.

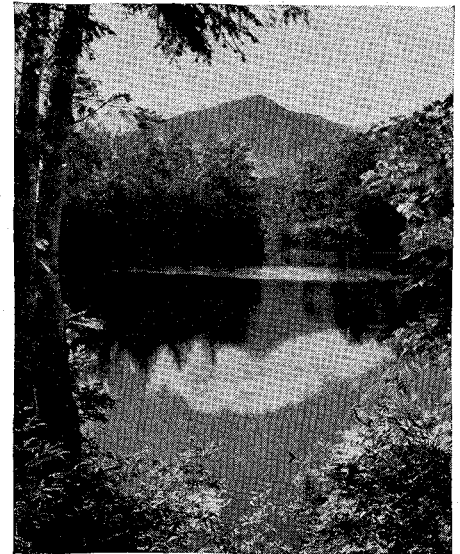


Keystone

Within a stone's throw of the White House is the United States Chamber of Commerce building, where the Chamber's twenty-fourth annual meeting will take place next week.

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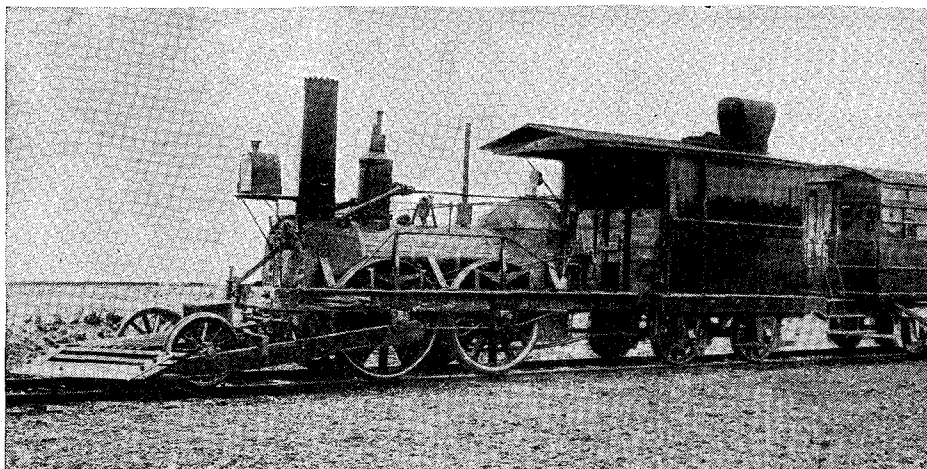
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Pennsylvania: 90-Year Rail Empire

Road Ranks Fifth as U. S. Passenger, Eighth as Freight Carrier



Pennsylvania Railroad Photo

Grandfather of American locomotives: The "John Bull," built in England in 1831, operated on what is now the Pennsylvania Railroad, and retired from service in 1863

Passengers bound from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh complain if their trains run ten minutes late on a six-and-a-half-hour schedule. In 1846 it took the hardy travelers three and a half days to make the trip.

The two great Pennsylvania cities then were linked by an odd conglomeration of canals and railroads. At one point, in order to cross the Alleghenies, cars had to be pulled up inclined planes by cable, towed across graded levels by horses and mules, let down the far slope by another cable. One car going down was usually counterbalanced by a car going up. Freight took twice as long as people.

It was a poor makeshift, especially as Philadelphia's commercial rivals, Baltimore and New York City, were throwing out rail lines in all directions. In the South the Baltimore & Ohio was pushing a road of iron toward Pittsburgh. In the North the Erie Canal had been completed. The Quaker City needed a quicker route to the headwaters of the Ohio and the new West beyond.

Then, one day, Pennsylvania's Gov. Francis Rawn Shunk signed the Act incorporating "The Pennsylvania Railroad Road Company."

Iron Horse—Under its charter, subscriptions to \$3,000,000 of capital stock had to be obtained, and thirty miles of tracks had to be laid, within a year. Committees went from house to house canvassing for funds. At public meetings speakers explained the importance of the project. Somehow, the \$3,000,000 was raised. In 1854 the first "iron horse" puffed into Pittsburgh.

To-day the Pennsylvania Railroad, which last week celebrated its ninetieth birthday, handles nearly one-eighth of the freight of the country, more than one-fifth of its passengers. The road, begun with \$3,000,000, represents an investment of more than \$3,000,000,000.

More than 10,000 miles of the carrier's lines stretch across thirteen rich industrial, agricultural, and mining States and the District of Columbia. The road employs more than 107,000 persons. Last year's freight revenues totaled \$272,000,000. Passenger

revenues were something less than one-fifth that figure.

Having reached the headwaters of the Ohio, the Pennsylvania plunged on westward. For its founders clearly foresaw that the West would be developed by rail rather than water transportation. Secure in that faith, they laid out the lines that now extend to Chicago and St. Louis, touching Ohio River cities and the Great Lakes.

The Pennsylvania was the first to replace the iron rails which had given the new mode of transportation its first nickname with ribbons of gleaming steel. It was the first to install the familiar water troughs along the right of way, so that locomotives might take up boiler water on the run and thus save a few precious minutes. It led in building all-steel passenger- and freight-car equipment, thus reducing hazards to human life.

Dogged Plugging—More recently, while the depression was forcing many business enterprises to cancel all their plans for expansion and new capital outlay, the Pennsylvania plugged doggedly ahead with its schemes for improving service. At a cost of \$100,000,000 it completed the electrification of its lines between New York and Washington, cutting the best time to the Capital from four hours and fifteen minutes to three hours and three-quarters. As a result, it now operates more than one-third of America's electrified standard railroad trackage.

Through its namesake station in the heart of New York City's business district, the Pennsylvania last year handled on its own lines 7,593,000 passengers. In 1930, the peak year, more than 10,500,000 entered or left the city over Pennsylvania lines.

While these figures loom large in the nation's railroad operations, the road takes equal pride in its treatment of stockholders. With the payment of the 203d dividend on February 29 this year, it established a record of eighty-nine years' continuous return to its stockholders, a railroad world's record. Stockholders now number 227,000—nearly half of them women.

Ruling over this empire is Martin Withington Clement who, last year, at fifty-three,

became President. Up from the ranks in the operating division, Mr. Clement still spends much time on the road. He knows thousands of plain toilers by their first names. Likes them and is liked by them.

He passes his leisure reading Wild West stories—the wilder the better. He has a standing order for every thriller with a preposterous plot, an improbable villain, or an impossible hero.

He also fishes for croakers from a row-boat off the New Jersey coast, plays a "rotten" game of golf, but gets a kick out of "arguing" his way around the course. He lives simply with his wife and three children in Haverford, Pennsylvania, where he likes to dig in his garden, especially right after a rain.

Riding on a Tax-Ball

At just about this time of year tens of thousands of American householders bundle dogs, wives, offspring, and picnic hampers into the family car, head north, south, east, west on vacation. Notaries' ink is scarcely dry on their Federal and State income tax blanks. One of their motives in leaving home is to forget taxes.

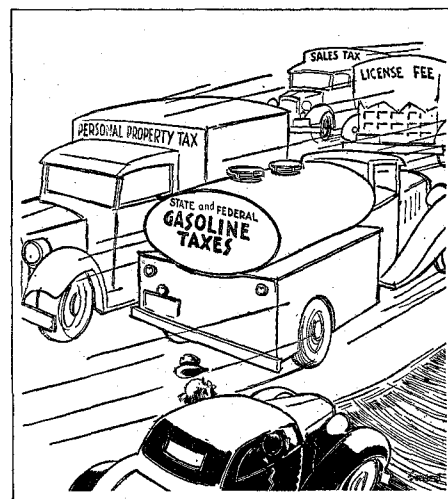
But how can they forget when they keep on paying them?

And pay they do—more than half a cent a mile in levies on gasoline and oil—observes the American Petroleum Institute, which brought a hypothetical taxpayer from Miami, Florida, to New York City just to see.

Passing through nine States and the District of Columbia, the Institute's motorist covered 1,356 miles on a generally-traveled route. He averaged fifteen miles a gallon, consumed 90.36 gallons of gasoline, slightly less than fourteen quarts of oil. Cost: \$15.15 for the gasoline and oil; \$6.25—about 41 per cent.—for taxes, Federal and State.

For \$6.25 he could stay four nights in a tourist camp, feed his family from three to five times, pay his golf or tennis fees for a fortnight, send ninety-six five-cent picture post-cards to envious friends.

Oregon Start—The State of Oregon set this amazing tax-ball rolling in 1919. Before that, every penny that went for gasoline



Highway Congestion

—Sweigert in the Boston Herald

trickled through the carbureter. Oregon started modestly with a 1-cent-a-gallon levy. Soon other States realized that old carriage turnpikes could not meet the increasing demands of automobile traffic, slapped on taxes to pay for paved roads.

By 1929 all the forty-eight States and the District of Columbia had imposed gasoline taxes. In 1932 the Federal Government added an excise impost of one cent a gallon. Then a host of counties and municipalities joined the procession.

Having pioneered once, Oregon lived up to her name by being the first to boost the rate. Other States entered joyfully into the race, until in 1931 Florida and Tennessee reached the seven-cents-a-gallon level which these States maintain as the present as well as the all-time high. Oregon's pennies had grown into millions.

Rising Tide—Into eight hundred millions by 1935, says the Standard Statistics Company, which estimates that State and Federal taxes brought \$808,422,000 in revenue last year. Or enough to pay for the Panama Canal, build two Boulder Dams. The average was \$30.89 each on the 26,167,000 motor-vehicles operating on the country's highways.

Chided about the monetary and nuisance load, lawmakers point proudly at these highways, unquestionably the best in the world. But oil men and automobile associations take a different view.

Worried about the twenty-seven increases in gasoline tax rates during the past six years, Standard Statistics warns that "if the present trend toward steadily higher taxes on the motorist persists, automobiles eventually may become a luxury in this country."

Fund Diversion—On the assumption that those who enjoy the highways should be made to pay for them, a tax on gasoline and oil seems reasonable enough. But each year an ever-greater proportion of the funds collected for such a specific purpose is being diverted to other purposes. States dip into highway funds to build schools, improve waterways, even to care for their unemployed. Of the municipalities this is true to an even greater extent.

Diversions in 1934 totaled \$94,000,000—nearly 17 per cent. of the total State taxes; more than 8 per cent. of the combined State, Federal, and municipal gasoline imposts.

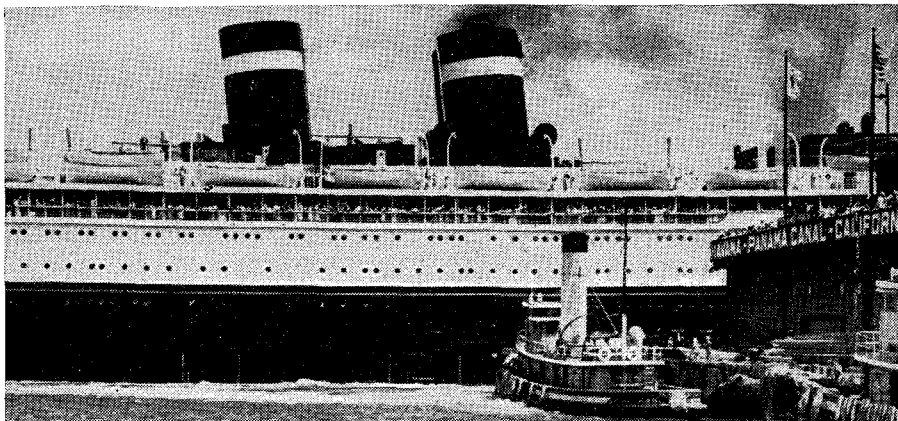
Grumbling Salesmen—While motorists complain of this diversion, filling-station men grumble that high taxes encourage evasion and result in poor gasoline.

A legislative committee complains that Mississippi loses \$2,000,000 annually due to "bootleg gas," usually a low-grade product smuggled over the State line. Tennessee and Kansas place their losses at more than a million each.

Of all the yowls chorused against the gasoline tax, those of the long-suffering citizens of Decatur, Alabama, are perhaps the loudest; and with reason. From them the State collects six cents a gallon, the county three, the city two, the Federal Government one—a total of twelve cents on a retail price of less than 10 cents, or more than 100 per cent.

SPRING VACATION TRIPS

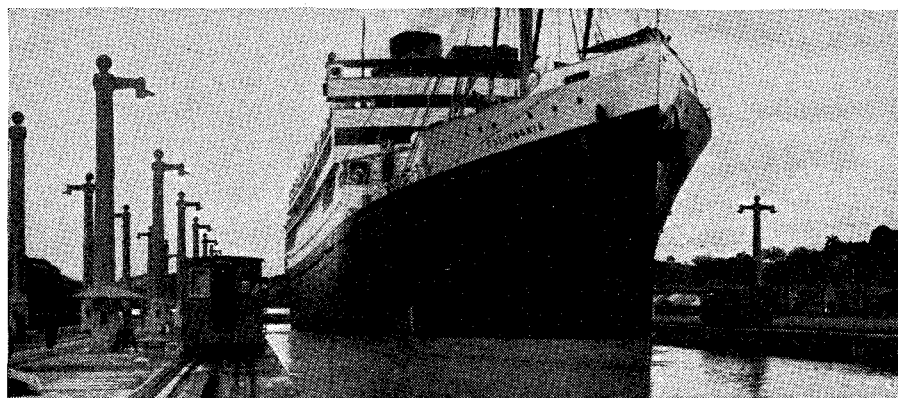
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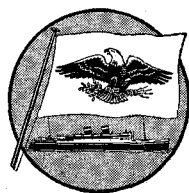
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The Open Forum

(Continued from page 1)

largest church in Los Angeles when a comparison of claimed memberships is made. To minister to the varied interests and activities of a church enrolling, according to the latest figure I have seen, 23,000, is a task which demands vastly more than average ability.

For that gigantic task Mrs. Splivalo obviously possesses the requisite equipment.

ROBERT C. MCADIE.

Long Beach, California.

Townsend

Sir:—Why do you permit the intimation in the article in the April 4 issue of THE DIGEST that the Townsend Plan is similar to the "Get-rich-quick" schemes mentioned in that article?

If you have studied that plan at all you must be aware that no such similarity exists in this great humanitarian plan. Moreover, it is a revelation to find what progress the movement has achieved on so small an expenditure of money.

The truth must prevail at last and the investigation in Washington will defeat the purpose of the investigators.

J. R. YOUNG.

Los Angeles.

Sir:—Please accept thanks for your write-up on the Townsend Plan in the April 4 issue.

CHARLES H. CHESTER.

Springfield, Massachusetts.

Conoco

Sir:—In a recent issue you say that Shell Oil Company joined Texaco as the only other firm with stations in all forty-eight States. Conoco also has stations in all forty-eight States.

Lakewood, New Jersey. SHELDON WOLPIN.

[The Conoco Travel Bureau's New York City office reports that the Continental Oil Company has stations in forty States, and distributes oil alone in one other. Shell and Texaco have stations in every State.—Editor.]

"Warless World"

Sir:—If "Striking for Warless World" [THE LITERARY DIGEST, April 11] were not so tragic it would be amusingly similar to the fable of "resolving to put a bell on the cat" at a convention of mice.

The Government prohibits every "game of chance" that comes to its attention, yet plunges into the greatest chance-game with "youth for its stake" when it plays the game of war, in which emperors and kings always survive, regardless of how many of their subjects may fertilize the battle-fields.

As long as this survival continues, the "pleasure of the hunt" will remain a pleasure; striking students for a warless world will remain the targets of the next war and the next "game of chance"; going, when they are told to go.

Whoever of them survives will live to know that "the war" settled nothing, that wars never settled anything other than its victims and will settle nothing until king and doughboy take the same chances with their lives.

Then, and not until then, will humanity reach its paradise of a "Warless World."

ROLPH J. LACKNER,

Brooklyn, New York.

Veterans of Future Wars

Sir:—Concerning the "manifesto" of The Daily Princetonian, presenting a "serio-comic" picture starring "Veterans of Future Wars," to which you gave a generous allotment of space in a recent issue.

I fail to see anything interesting enough or entertaining enough in the story to warrant its publication outside of a blatant and irresponsible college paper. However, since the thing has been published throughout the land, I wish to assure you that the veterans of past wars will surely back up the demands of the Veterans of Future Wars, for they deserve a bonus.

Looking ahead with H. G. Wells, we see things a bit more clearly than he does, in the light of Princeton's astonishing cleverness. We see the

gray matter of Princeton dominating all other matter. In that great battle of the future we see the warriors of the university turning back the enemy's bombs with their unhelmeted heads, their skulls, scientifically developed, being proof against steel and explosives. We see these same warriors directing planes and gunfire from great distances by mental telepathy, and we see their thought rays conquering the dreaded death-rays.

We see the absolute discomfiture of the enemy when provoked to side-splitting laughter by a stroke of the pen of the editor of The Princetonian.

E. A. BISHOP,

Wilmington, California. Commander, Disabled American Veterans of the World War.

Laws

Sir:—The greatest need of the United States in respect to law enforcement is a recodification of our laws. When the Thirteen Colonies gained their independence, British law was used as a basis of that of the Colonies, and is still the basis, legally taken into consideration. Since then we have had more than a century and a half of lawmaking, repealing, and modification, with Supreme Court and other legal decisions nullifying or modifying the laws that have been passed. The result is that only a man who has spent years studying law can tell just what is the law on many subjects.

Most of us want to obey the law. We should like to go through life with never an accusation against us and with a tranquil conscience. But how are we to know what the law is? To be within the law is too often conditioned on consulting a lawyer on each issue as it arises, which is both bothersome and costly beyond the possibilities of the average man. Besides, when a lawyer gives his opinion, he often finds himself mistaken when the matter comes up in court.

The result is that the average man goes through life ignoring the law, and hoping he will get by. And if he does violate it, he naturally seeks an escape, knowing that he acted in ignorance.

Toluca, Mexico.

L. O. ENGELMANN.

Poetry

Sir:—I like the DIGEST's method of condensing the news-items because it enables me, as a student, to acquire ready information of interesting doings throughout the world.

I observe, however, that the department allotted to poetry does not have the same open door policy as the columns devoted to news, politics, sports and business.

Why is this one department restricted to the publication of solicited material only? Is it



© Brooklyn Daily Eagle

"Will This Hurt Me More Than Him?"

—Cassel in the Brooklyn Daily Eagle

The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Emergency.—GOLFER (to members ahead)—“Pardon, would you mind if I played through? I’ve just heard that my wife has been taken seriously ill.”—*Montreal Star*.

Tit for Tat.—A small boy leading a donkey passed by an Army camp. A couple of soldiers wanted to have some fun with the lad.

“What are you holding on to your brother so tight for, sonny?” said one of them.

“So he won’t join the Army,” the youngster replied, without blinking an eye.—*Santa Fe Magazine*.

More Famous Last Words.—“Here’s where I snap a picture right between the bars of the cage.”

“Oh, I guess one more little one won’t hurt me.”

“Sure, I know this road like a book or I’d slow down on these curves.”

“I’m going straight home to mother.”

“How can I get a shock when I’m standing on this wood?”

“Those trains always whistle a mile before they get to the crossings.”

“Now watch me open this bottle without a corkscrew, just by applying a little leverage in the right place.”—*Judge*.

Crowded.—JONES—“Well, how are you getting on in your new eight-room house?”

SMITH—“Oh, not so badly. We furnished one of the bedrooms by collecting soap coupons.”

JONES—“Didn’t you furnish the other seven rooms?”

SMITH—“We can’t. They’re full of soap.”—*Telephone Topics*.

Too Loud.—The hostess was talking to one of her guests as the two sat on the lawn listening to a chimes recital.

“Beautiful, aren’t they?” remarked the hostess.

“Pardon?” inquired the guest.

“I say, they’re beautiful, aren’t they?”

“I’m sorry,” roared the guest, “but I can’t hear a word for those damned chimes.”—*The Pointer*.

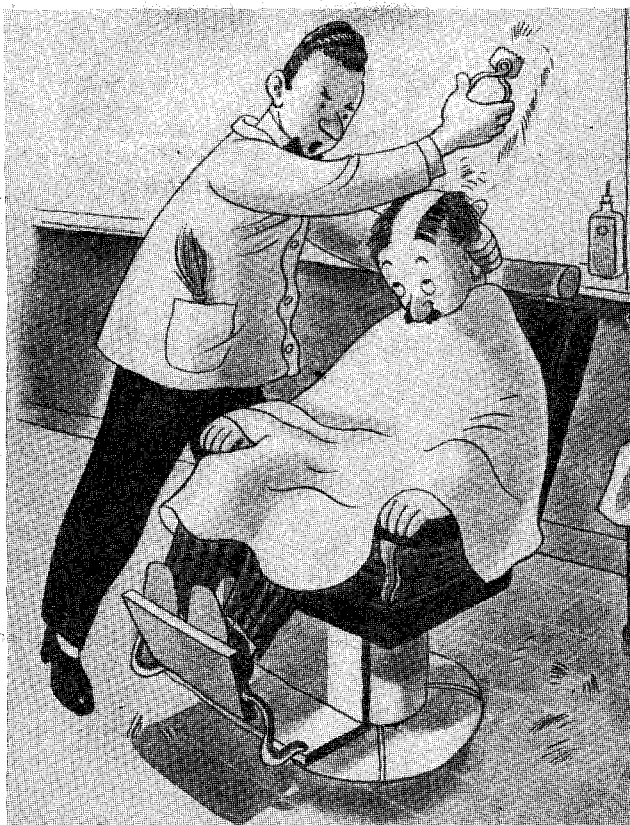
Handy.—In a Mexican prison a convicted murderer was told by his wife that he was doomed to die unless he could get a pardon from the Governor of the State.

She asked: “How do you go about getting a pardon from the Governor?”

“That’s easy,” he replied, and raised his voice: “Hey, Governor, how about a pardon?”

“Sure,” was the reply.

It came from the next cell.—*Troy Times Record*.



Courtesy of This Week

“And Another Thing We Need Is a Direct Highway From Coast to Coast”

—J. M. Anthony in This Week

Etiquette.—The district engineer and his wife were entertaining at dinner. Suddenly a child’s voice was heard from the floor above, “Mother.” “What is it, Archie?” she asked. “There’s only clean towels in the bathroom. Shall I start one?”—*Highway Magazine*.

Hey, Police!—AWNING MAN wanted for pirate work.—*New York paper*.

Frankly.—D—C—is sick of grip at his home.—*Asbury Park (N. J.) paper*.

Spring’s Here.—Crows and daffodils are blooming on Media lawns.—*Media (Pa.) paper*.

Natural Wonder.—A watchful clam hung over the Lake Ashangi region to-day.—*Boston paper*.

No Fun, Tho.—WANTED—A man to be baked in a loaf of bread; no danger.—*Kansas City (Mo.) paper*.

Surez.—Two bullets ended the latest wolf, coyote or wild dog scare in Detroit. The next will appear in an early issue.—*Detroit paper*.

Little Tike.—He said the baby was a light green sedan which bore New Jersey license plates, and was sitting between the two men.—*Richmond (Ind.) paper*.

Spendthrift.—TRAMP—“Lady, I’m almost famished.”

HOUSEWIFE—“Here’s a cent. But how did you fall so low?”

TRAMP—“I had your fault. I was too extravagant.”—*Wall Street Journal*.

New Style.—The saddest words of tongue or pen

Were once these four:

“It might have been.”

But nowadays it is not so,

The new ones are: “We’ll let you know.”—*Judge*.

Told Too Much.—The vicar had received a couple of tickets for the opera from one of his parishioners. Finding that he was unable to go, he rang up some friends and said: “An unfortunate dinner engagement keeps me from attending the opera to-night; could you use the tickets?”

“We should be glad to do so,” was the reply, “but we are your unfortunate hosts.”—*Tid-Bits (London)*.

Suiting the Word.—“Halt,” yelled the sergeant to a new squad of recruits. But one of them marched on.

“Here, Jones, what were you doing before you joined the Army?” yelled the sergeant.

“A horse driver, sir,” replied Jones.

When the squad was marching again the sergeant cried: “Squad halt! Jones, whoa.”—*Stray Stories*.

Slips That Pass in the Type

Aw, Gwan.—Rainwater is so highly styled this season that it is actually a pleasure to wear.—*Manchester (Conn.) paper*.

Boondogglers.—Work on a WPA sewing project, sponsored by the Tioga county board of supervisors, was begun to-day.—*Sayre (Pa.) paper*.

Family Retainer.—Sale price unfurnished, \$65,000. (Rental, completely furnished with antiques, including gardener, \$3800).—*New York magazine*.

At Last.—

REAL SYMPATHY
ORCHESTRA SEEN
FOR NEW ORLEANS
—*New Orleans paper*.

Everybody Pays, I Guess.—

Saturday Morning 10:30 A.M.
EASTER MATINEE

Every child laying an egg in the door man’s hand will be admitted free.—*Parsons (Pa.) paper*.

because the DIGEST holds no hope for the rising generation of poets? ELINOR CARROLL, Newark, N. J.

[The only restriction is that the poems must have been first printed in some other publication.—Editor.]

Sir:—It is my conviction that I am voicing the opinion of a great many poetry-lovers in this country when I say that your page of Current Poetry in THE LITERARY DIGEST is one of the outstanding features of the magazine.

Your reprint in the current issue of the splendid poem "Bleak Magic" is particularly gratifying because the younger poets have little enough recognition at best and I am confident that Lucia Trent will be placed among the great poets of our day.

I am a composer and it may interest you to know that a large number of the poems I have set to music became known to me through your page in THE LITERARY DIGEST.

Chula Vista, California. CHAS. H. MARSH.

Sir:—I noted with a great deal of pleasure and enthusiasm Lucia Trent's poem, "Bleak Magic," in a recent issue.

I look forward to seeing more of her work in THE LITERARY DIGEST.

Pasadena, California. ARLENE MEEHAN.

Sir:—What has happened to the Poetry Page of THE LITERARY DIGEST? It is so much better than it used to be! Mrs. H. P. Cook, Anderson, Indiana.

Jokes and Japes

Sir:—Here's a tip to busy radio fans.

If you like to listen to certain comedians and don't always have the time to hear their complete programs, get out those copies of THE LITERARY DIGEST which appeared from one to two weeks prior to your favorite funny man's broadcast, and turn to "The Spice of Life."

Here you will find, in its original form, that which you would have heard on the air.

A quicker method is to get some one around the house who heard the entire program, to mark the jokes you missed.

Dallas, Texas. EDWIN F. ROWLES.

Platform for Prosperity

Sir:—This platform should be adopted by every political party in the United States:

A job for every man who is able to work, on public improvements, at fair wages.

A pension of \$30 per month for every dependent person over sixty years of age.

Proper aid for every dependent woman and child.

Balance the budget by levying heavy taxes on all incomes over \$100 per month.

No doles to those able to work. E. T. HYDE, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Legal Infants

Sir:—Regarding "legal infants," young folks know when they do wrong. If allowed to escape punishment they are encouraged to do worse.

The Bible says: "An eye for an eye." Do you think we can improve on God's law? It is the only sensible law. People should be paid in equal coin for whatever they do, good or bad. San Diego, California. R. O. COGGESHALL.

Overproduction

Sir:—One of America's great fears is one of America's great crimes also—i.e., overproduction.

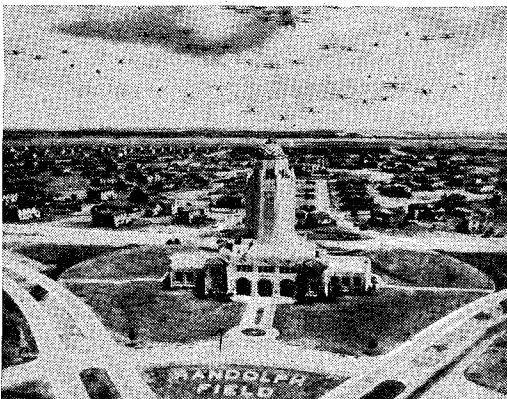
Overproduction? Where is it?

Show me the satiated spectacle of millions of luxury-glutted people in this hopefully disappointed country of ours who have everything they need and then, maybe, I will fear that we are producing more than there is a natural demand for.

Most of the so-called "overproduction" is in the poverty of millions of people in America—shivering with want, pitifully hungry. Their frightful condition is a sharp contrast to the idea that this economically-struggling country of ours should slow down, for fear of overproduction. JOHN PODA, Akron, Ohio.



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